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ALL BUT A VICTIM OF THE RUSSIAN TERRORISTS: M. STOLYPIN, THE RUSSIAN PREMIER,  
WHOSE HOUSE WAS BLOWN UP ON AUGUST 25.

On the afternoon of August 25, when M. Stolypin, the Russian Prime Minister, was holding his weekly reception at his house on Apothecary's Island, St. Petersburg, he was visited by four persons, two in civilian clothes and two in uniform. They pretended that they had business, and were admitted to the antechamber, where they flung a bomb which wrecked the house. Many persons were killed, and the Premier's little son and daughter were fearfully injured. M. Stolypin escaped.—[PHOTOGRAPH BY OLSHANSKY.]

## OUR NOTE BOOK.

BY G. K. CHESTERTON.

A WRITER in the *Yorkshire Evening Post* is very angry indeed with my performances in this column. His precise terms of reproach are, "Mr. G. K. Chesterton is not a humourist: not even a Cockney humourist." I do not mind his saying that I am not a humourist—in which, to tell the truth, I think he is quite right—but I do resent his saying that I am not a Cockney. That envenomed arrow, I admit, went home. If a French writer said of me, "He is no metaphysician: not even an English metaphysician," I could swallow the affront to my metaphysics, but I should feel angry about the affront to my nationality. So I do not urge that I am a humourist; but I do insist that I am a Cockney. If I were a humourist, I should certainly be a Cockney humourist; if I were a saint, I should certainly be a Cockney saint. I need not recite the splendid catalogue of Cockney saints who have written their names on our noble old City churches. I need not trouble you with the long list of the Cockney humourists who have discharged their bills (or failed to discharge them) in our noble old City taverns. We can weep together over the pathos of the poor Yorkshireman, whose county has never produced any humour even intelligible to the rest of the world. And we can smile together when he says that somebody or other is "not even" a Cockney humourist like Samuel Johnson or Charles Lamb. It is surely sufficiently obvious that all the best humour that exists in our language is Cockney humour. Chaucer was a Cockney; he had his house close to the Abbey. Dickens was a Cockney; he said he could not think without the London streets. The London taverns heard always the quaintest conversation, whether it was Ben Jonson's at the Mermaid or Sam Johnson's at the Cock. Even in our own time it may be noted that the most vital and genuine humour is still written about London. Of this type is the mild and humane irony which marks Mr. Pett Ridge's studies of the small grey streets. Of this type is the simple but smashing laughter of the best tales of Mr. W. W. Jacobs, telling of the smoke and sparkle of the Thames. No; I concede that I am not a Cockney humourist. No; I am not worthy to be. Some time, after sad and strenuous after-lives; some time, after fierce and apocalyptic incarnations; in some strange world beyond the stars, I may become at last a Cockney humourist. In that potential paradise I may walk among the Cockney humourists, if not an equal, at least a companion. I may feel for a moment on my shoulder the hearty hand of Dryden and thread the labyrinths of the sweet insanity of Lamb. But that could only be if I were not only much cleverer, but much better than I am. Before I reach that sphere I shall have left behind, perhaps, the sphere that is inhabited by angels, and even passed that which is appropriated exclusively to the use of Yorkshiremen.

No; London is in this matter attacked upon its strongest ground. London is the largest of the bloated modern cities; London is the smokiest; London is the dirtiest; London is, if you will, the most sombre; London is, if you will, the most miserable. But London is certainly the most amusing and the most amused. You may prove that we have the most tragedy; the fact remains that we have the most comedy, that we have the most farce. We have at the very worst a splendid hypocrisy of humour. We conceal our sorrow behind a screaming derision. You speak of people who laugh through their tears; it is our boast that we only weep through our laughter. There remains always this great boast, perhaps the greatest boast that is possible to human nature. I mean the great boast that the most unhappy part of our population is also the most hilarious part. The poor can forget that social problem which we (the moderately rich) ought never to forget. Blessed are the poor; for they alone have not the poor always with them. The honest poor can sometimes forget poverty. The honest rich can never forget it.

Talking of poor people, I see that Mr. Carnegie has done something which is considered important. He has converted President Roosevelt to the principle of plain, or, perhaps, phonetic spelling—at any rate to something which is called spelling-reform. I must confess that I cannot see why all the papers should make such a fuss about Mr. Carnegie's views on spelling or Mr. Roosevelt's views on spelling. Mr. Carnegie is a man who has made a great deal of money; but that is all.

I make no inquiries as to how he made his money. But I should certainly be surprised if I heard that he had received all that money merely as a prize for spelling. As for Mr. Roosevelt, I shall consider him sufficiently acquitted if he can spell his own name, which is more than I can ever do. I do not wish to speak disrespectfully of the American President. Blood (I understand) is thicker than water, and the old English name of Roosevelt carries with it a smell of our English corn-fields and country-side. But I do not quite understand yet why he should be an authority on spelling. There are two ways, I should suppose, in which such a question

as that of spelling can be decided. One is the method which was adopted by the French when they founded their famous Academy to fix and purify the French language. That principle was daring, but quite decisive and clear. The French scholars said—"We know that all things that are human are changing. Therefore, we will make our language superhuman and unchanging. We know that there are exquisite phrases forgotten in the dark age of our tongue. We forget them. We know that there are exquisite phrases potential in the slang of the future. We forbid them. This language which we are now speaking is a beautiful and satisfying thing: that language we arrest, and that language we immortalize. We grant, if you will, that it is only one of the stages of the French language, which may have come from something else, and might go to something else. We grant, if you will, that, considered from one standpoint (that of evolution) there is no such thing as the French language. It is only an intermediary stage between Latin and Argot. But it is the stage that we as a nation like; the stage that we as a nation choose to have. We do not want any further bewilderments or metamorphoses. We command it to cease; and we command it to endure for ever."

That is a possible kind of policy about grammar and spelling; but there is one necessity connected with it. If it is done at all it must be done, as it was done in the case of the French Academy, by the very best authorities on that particular subject; not by enthusiasts on this or that reform of spelling, but by the greatest authorities that were then to be found, whether they were reformers or no. The French Academy, which fixed and sharpened the French language so that it became so facile and so terrible a weapon, would not have admitted a man even into the discussion of the question merely because he was a faddist with some entertaining fancy on the subject before them. They would not have allowed their decisions on spelling to be troubled by a man who had a bee in his bonnet—even if the bee were a spelling bee. They would probably have rejected even valuable fanatics; they would probably have rejected even suggestive madmen. But my imagination simply fails me in picturing what the great French grammarians would have said if it had been suggested that their views might be modified by those of an old millionaire who had made money out of iron or by those of an American politician who had shot big game.

That is the first intelligible method about matters like spelling: to consult the best authorities and let them fix a language as if it were a system of civil law. The second method is to leave the language alone and let it shape itself; or rather, to speak more truly, let the people fix it. There are not many advantages in this slower and more uncertain way; but there is always this one advantage: that sooner or later it is the people who do shape it. All this ancient process may have been dim, but it was democratic. Kings may have made laws, but mobs made languages. The governors may have made statutes, but the governed made the words of the statutes. It was ultimately the people, and nothing but the people, that decided that *plow* should not be spelt so. Both these matters are human and comprehensible; both these matters might be applied without difficulty to the modern problem of spelling. Take your choice of them; neither will do great harm. Trust the scholar and get the thing settled quickly. Trust the people and get the thing settled slowly. But in the name of all ancestral wisdom, do not trust the faddist and get the thing settled wrong. Do not trust the opinion of every chance person whose name you've heard in the newspapers as being somebody vaguely and irrationally important. Do not trust a man because you have heard of him as a cricketer or a journalist or a prize-fighter or a burglar or a millionaire.

For the most part, spelling-reform seems to found itself on one immense and obvious falsehood. It is assumed that language is a thing which exists for practical purposes. This is clearly untrue: for practical purposes we might very well be content with pointing. Even for purposes of written communication a much simpler and plainer system of symbols might easily be adopted. If President Roosevelt and Mr. Carnegie want to have a really businesslike language, I can easily recommend one: the Red Indian picture-writing which was once general on the continent which they adorn. When President Roosevelt wants forty guns, let him write 40 and then draw a gun. Nothing can be shorter than that. When Mr. Carnegie wishes to order seven hundred libraries, let him write 700, and then do his best to draw a library. But language, in its written form, especially exists for the purpose of suggesting shades of thought and starting trains of association. For this entirely poetic and emotional purpose all language exists. For this purpose every word is important. For this purpose every letter in every word is important. The letters are important because they make up the recognisable colour and quantity of the word. It is not an accident that the very word "literature" has a meaning which connects it with the alphabet. It is not an accident that when we speak of a literary man we call him a man of letters.

## SPELLING - REFORM.

BY PROFESSOR H. SWEET.

GREAT interest has been aroused throughout the English-speaking world by the news that Mr. Roosevelt has officially adopted, as President of the United States, a system of partially reformed spelling.

But this interest has by no means taken the form of universally unmixed approval. There is a prejudice against spelling-reform, the prejudice being, of course, strongest on the conservative side of the water.

In view of the general ignorance on the subject, it will be worth while to attempt to give a brief answer to the question, What is spelling-reform, and what are its prospects?

If we ask a spelling-reformer why English spelling should be reformed, his answer will be: Because it is unphonetic. A reformed orthography is, therefore, a phonetic one. By a phonetic orthography we understand one in which each sound has one definite symbol, and each symbol has one sound—one phonetic value. The test of a genuine phonetic notation is that when the native learner has once mastered its alphabet, he is able to read and write the language correctly without having to burden his memory with orthographical rules or consult the dictionary, as many of us have to do long after we have left school.

When we say that English spelling is unphonetic, we only mean that it is partially unphonetic. A wholly unphonetic orthography would be too much even for the most retentive memory. As it is, there are hundreds of words, such as *him*, *ten*, *dog*, *merit*, whose spelling not even the most radical reformer would think of altering.

Originally, all spelling was phonetic. It was, indeed, impossible that it should be otherwise. Not that it was ideally, scientifically phonetic, for no practical system of writing can be that. When Old English was first written down in Roman letters, the Anglo-Saxon scribes used each letter to represent that sound in English which was nearest to the sound which the letter had in the Latin of about the sixth century as spoken in Britain.

The alphabet and orthography used in writing English underwent many modifications in course of time, the changes after the Norman Conquest, which were mainly the result of the influence of the contemporary French spelling, being mostly changes for the worse; so that already in the time of Chaucer we can see the germs of many of our present unphonetic spellings, such as the ambiguous *ou* in *house* and *soul*. But the history of English pronunciation and orthography during the Middle Ages shows clearly that English spelling, in spite of all its ambiguities and inconsistencies, was wholly phonetic in intention: people wrote as they spoke, as far as their defective alphabet would allow. There were no rules of spelling. Each scribe wrote as he himself spoke: his ear was his only guide.

Even when the invention of printing and the multiplication of books, together with other centralizing influences, had spread the London dialect over the whole country as the standard form of speech and writing, it was some time before the printers were able to enforce uniformity of spelling.

And it was not till then that English spelling became deliberately and intentionally unphonetic, a matter not of ear but of eye. Hitherto the spelling of words had always been liable to such changes as were called for by their changes in pronunciation. When a sound was dropped in pronunciation, its symbol was dropped also in writing. Shakspeare and his contemporaries still wrote the initial consonants in *knight* and *wright* because they still pronounced them. These spellings, which are now unphonetic through not having kept pace with the changes in pronunciation, were then still mainly phonetic; a generation or two earlier they were, indeed, wholly so.

This periodical adjustment of orthography to pronunciation developed in the sixteenth century into deliberate spelling-reform. Many of the changes proposed by the reformers were wildly impracticable, but others have survived to the present day: for the phonetic distinctions between *i* and *j*, *u* and *v*, *ee* and *ea*, *oo* and *oa* we are indebted to these early spelling-reformers.

When the orthography has once become fixed, any attempt to continue this process of adjustment necessarily assumes a revolutionary character. The traditional spelling, by sheer force of habit, is regarded as something sacred: a new spelling appears grotesque and repulsive simply because it is new. When in 1849 the pioneers of the modern spelling-reform movement, A. J. Ellis and I. Pitman, brought out the *Fonetik Nuz*, few of those who joined in the chorus of ridicule stopped to consider that this uncouthness of aspect was purely the result of habit, and that the Authorized Version of the Bible in the spelling of its first edition would seem to us not less strange and uncouth than in the new-fangled Phonotypy of Messrs. Ellis and Pitman.

The old fallacy that phonetic spelling destroys etymology and the history of the language is hardly consistent with the fact that all philological experts agree in regarding unphonetic spelling as a monstrous absurdity both from a scientific and a practical point of view. But they see the difficulties of reform clearer than any dilettante can. And these difficulties they frankly admit to be at present insuperable. Philanthropists like Mr. Carnegie would do more good to the cause if instead of subsidizing impracticable schemes of spelling-reform, they would endow phonetic research and teaching, and encourage the reform of modern-language teaching, which is now the great field for experiments in new methods of spelling.

Mr. Roosevelt's spellings go back in the main to certain "Partial Corrections of English Spelling" approved by the Philological Society of London in 1881, the idea being to begin with such changes as were both phonetic and etymological—or, at any rate, in harmony with existing spellings—such as *island*, *onor*, or the analogy of *emperor* for the older *emperour*. But experience has shown that the inconveniences of attempting to carry out such changes would outweigh any possible advantages, and that it is best to leave the present orthography unaltered till we are able to replace it by a radically different one on which we are all agreed.

## THE PLAYHOUSES.

## "THE SIN OF WILLIAM JACKSON." AT THE LYRIC.

IT is rather difficult to accept "The Sin of William Jackson" as a full evening's entertainment; a play which begins at a quarter to nine and ends at ten minutes to eleven, with two intervals of a quarter of an hour each, can scarcely be said to afford the theatre-goer his money's worth. And a play which takes a single episode of lower middle-class life, and deals with it according to the strictest conventions of melodrama, puts forward no claim to be regarded seriously by that large class of persons which is "sick to death" of the problem-drama wherein the women act as mannequins for the newest fashionable toilettes. William Jackson, who is the sinner of the latest Orczy-Barstow melodrama, has, before the play opens, been sentenced to five years' penal servitude for killing a man who has insulted his sweetheart. This young lady, what time William is "doing time," has, in order to give her unborn infant the benefit of legitimacy, married a brute of a bookmaker, called Harry Valentine. In the second act, William commits the sin. Valentine is enamoured of the wife of an Italian restaurateur, and William, who is *deus ex machina* of a lurid entanglement which it would take too long to detail, allows his sweetheart's husband to go to his death as the victim of the Italian's jealousy. Mr. Leicester as William, Mr. Tresahar as Valentine, Mr. Robert Pateman as the restaurateur, and Miss Mackay as the restaurateur's wife play their hackneyed parts with real force, but with no very great conviction. Miss Nina Boucicault is far from being happily placed in the rôle of the long-suffering heroine, and the best acting of the evening is that afforded by Miss Minnie Griffen as a landlady who has buried two husbands and succeeds—between the acts—in marrying a third.

## THE RUSSIAN REIGN OF TERROR.

TERRIBLE outrages are reported from the stricken country of the Tsar. On Saturday last, while M. Stolypin, the Premier, was holding a reception at his villa on Apothecary Island, four members of the Revolutionary party drove up in a carriage drawn by two horses. Two of the strangers were dressed as civilians, two wore foreign military uniform. They entered the antechamber and, according to the earlier reports, endeavoured to reach the room where the Premier was closeted with two of his State visitors. Their way to the inner room seems to have been barred; there was a short struggle, followed by an explosion that killed some twenty-seven people, including three of the Revolutionists themselves, and wounded more than thirty. Among the dead were M. Kvostoff, of the Imperial Council; General Zamiatin, Prince Nakashidze, M. Voronin, a Court Chamberlain; and many others well known in Russian society. The centre of the house was blown out. The balcony of the villa on which M. Stolypin's little son and daughter were seated was shattered, and the children were very badly injured. On Sunday evening, before the people of St. Petersburg had learned all the details of the terrible act of destruction, a report, soon to be verified, spread through the capital that Colonel Minn, Commander of the Simeonovsky Regiment, and a man who had exercised great cruelty in the suppression of Revolutionary propaganda in Moscow at the close of last year, had been assassinated in Peterhof Station. The assassin proved to be a young woman, who walked up to the Colonel and fired a revolver at him point blank. One of the most striking facts associated with these horrors is the public attitude towards them. The rank and file of the people and some of the leading organs of the Press recognise the state of war between the Revolutionary party and the Government. The former use bombs and revolvers, the latter employ bayonets, nagaikas, Maxim guns, and torture in the prison cells. While all must deplore these excesses and special sympathy is extended to the innocent children who suffered at M. Stolypin's villa, it is clear that men and women would not sacrifice themselves to their hatred of the bureaucracy without the stimulus of long and hopeless suffering. Massacre and outrage are two-edged weapons, and when the guns of the soldiery were turned upon those who came to the Tsar more than a year ago asking for nothing more than fair and reasonable government, reprisals by the Revolutionists were inevitable. We may pity the individual victims, but the system they stand for and uphold at point of bayonet is abominable and cannot be approved by any free and civilised community. Under existing conditions there is little hope that the outrages recorded here will be the last of the long series that has shocked the conscience of Europe.

## THE BIRD OF SENTIMENT.

HOW many people in these islands, awakening on the first of September, remember that partridge-shooting has begun? Comparatively, not many. Comparatively also, for that matter, partridge-shooting will have commenced in very few places, although the legal opening day has broken. It is more often than not unwise, not to say unsportsmanlike, to take advantage of the law's permission. Nevertheless, when one unfolds the morning papers, behold, "The Bonnie Brown Bird," "The Feast of Saint Partridge," and other such suggestive and engaging headlines stare him in the face at the top of columns of descriptive writing, much of it poetic, not a little of it highly imaginative in character. True, "The First" is not talked about so much as "The Twelfth," and for a very good reason. Partridge-shooting is not the great social function that grouse-shooting has become. It is not, like the other, confined to strictly limited regions, and these more or less far removed from the centre of things (which London becomes increasingly), necessitating, therefore, all the impedimenta which mark the great exodus to the North of the early days of

August. Nor is it, at any rate as yet, a sport of the very rich, nor do large sections of the population depend upon it for a living. In many places, indeed, it errs on the side of modesty, and might advantageously make more of itself. All the same, the arrival of September 1 is hailed as an occurrence of national interest, and the records of such shoots as there are in the opening hours are treated in the evening sheets as urgent matters of news. Are those reminders, then—the descriptive articles and the telegraphed news paragraphs—designed for eyes mostly indifferent? Surely not. And if not, how reconcile a widespread interest in the shooting of partridges with the limited—the increasingly limited—participation in the sport? There are probably several explanations. Here we put forward this—that the partridge is a bird of sentiment.

Not at all a sentiment of a romantic kind. There is indeed no romance about the partridge itself, no mystery. Its habits and virtues are known to all, and they are of the homeliest. It is shrewd, sociable, pliable, a little fearful, too, as Chaucer called it. It is a model of domestication. Shall we say, in fact, that it is typically middle-class, and a prey to enemies above and below? Tenacious in its attachment to home, it yet adapts itself to changing circumstances. The sickle has given place to the mower, and there are no longer any stubbles such as the old-time shooter knew: the partridge draws in from the open fields. There is other cover, it has found, than that given by the old-fashioned hedgerows, now nearly all demolished. In this way, in the conduct of its affairs, the partridge takes the line of least resistance. Not that, in a determination to make the best of things, it sticks only to well-clad, well-cultivated lands. You find a smaller, hardier bird on poorer soils, become more sober in colour if not less so in habit, because of new conditions—if, indeed, this selection has been forced upon it, and is not due to natural taste. And if the bird has no romance in itself, it gathers none from its surroundings, as the grouse does from the heather or the ptarmigan from its high fastnesses. Simple, busy, well-to-do in the main, well-stated, no traveller—that is the partridge, and it increases and waxes plump seemingly where men most do the same. And therein, and in its wide distribution, lies the sentiment which, we have said, attaches to it.

The bird stands for rural England, not merely the various countryside—the fields and meadows, fells, woods, villages, manors, and homesteads—but also the organisation by which the great concern of English agriculture was carried on. We say "was carried on," because there are those on all hands who tell us that English agriculture is dead, and it evidently no longer flourishes. Time may at length have found out its weaknesses—as, for that matter, it has been finding out the weaknesses in very different businesses of less antiquity, yet of old standing, that have been jogging on on old lines, and continue to jog, for want of new blood and new enterprise, until they have come, many of them, at last, to the point of stopping altogether. New blood and new enterprise may enter into our agriculture, which will again waken up and flourish. That is not the point to which we have been brought by the little brown bird on the opening day.

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FOR BETTER, FOR WORSE. By Martin Ross. HOUSE-BREAKERS IN THE ALPS. By D. G. H.-G.

RUSKIN IN VENICE. II. By Count A. SCOTCHMAN AT MARS-LA-TOUR. By Baron Campbell von Laurentz.

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AN ENTERTAINMENT OF UNEQUALLED BRILLIANCE.

## THE WORLD'S NEWS.

## Portraits.

The Earl of Leven and Melville, who died on Aug. 21 at Glenferness House, near Forres, was born in 1835. He was educated at Eton and Christ Church, Oxford, and succeeded his half-brother Alexander, the tenth Earl, in 1889. Since 1891 he had sat in the House of Lords as a Representative Peer of Scotland. From 1898 to 1905 he was Lord High Commissioner of the Church of Scotland, the King's Representative at the General Assembly. During this period he contributed £5000 to the General Wauchope Memorial Fund, the income of which is devoted to the schemes of the Church. As High Commissioner he should have resided during the Assembly in Holyrood Palace, but, owing to the defective drainage, he preferred a hotel. For this he was criticised, but he contended that what was inadequate for his Majesty might not be quite safe for him. Since 1900 he had been Keeper of the Privy Seal of Scotland. He was also a Privy Councillor, a Knight of the Thistle, and Brigadier of the Royal Company of Archers. Lord Leven and Melville had a long business experience in the City.

By the death on Aug. 19 of Sir Allan Russell Mackenzie of Glen Muick, that picturesque force the Royal Company of Archers, the King's Bodyguard in Scotland, lost one of its prominent members. Sir Allan, who was the second Baronet, was born in 1850, and for a time held a commission in the Royal Horse Guards. He was much interested in Freemasonry, and at the time of his death was First Grand Principal of Scotland of Royal Arch Chapter. He was numbered among the King's personal friends, and was a frequent guest at Balmoral.

Sir Charles Montgomery Rivaz took up the position of Lieutenant-Governor of the Punjab, from which he now retires, in 1902. He entered the Indian Civil Service in 1864; served in the Punjab until 1898; and

Christ's, and after acting for ten years as Professor of Botany at Cooper's Hill, he was appointed Professor of Botany at Cambridge. In 1902 he received the honorary degree of D.Sc. from Victoria University. He was the author of a number of treatises on his special subject.

Opera in England has a most enthusiastic and devoted supporter and promoter in Colonel Mapleson, who has just been decorated by the French Government with the Cross of the Legion of Honour. Colonel Mapleson, whose dream has long been an English

Without exception the Ministers favoured reform, but the home magnates, the Grand Wazeer, the Finance Minister, and the Marshal of the Household, endeavoured to uphold existing conditions. Their efforts were not successful, and Ain-ed-Dowlah, the Grand Wazeer, has been deposed, and replaced by Mushir-ed-Dowlah, a man of enlightened ideas. It is believed that in the event of a National Council's being established, all foreign loans will be repaid, and Persia for the Persians will be the keystone of the new policy. As a weak and corrupt Persia is a great danger to the peace of Asia, the Shah's efforts to modernise his authority will enjoy the sympathetic interest of this country.



THE LATE EARL OF LEVEN  
AND MELVILLE,  
In the Uniform of the Royal Scottish Archers.



COLONEL MAPLESON,  
Promoter of English Opera: Awarded the Legion  
of Honour.

National Opera House, has offered the directors of the Coliseum a sum of £160,000 for that house, which he proposes to turn to operatic uses. The matter is still undecided.

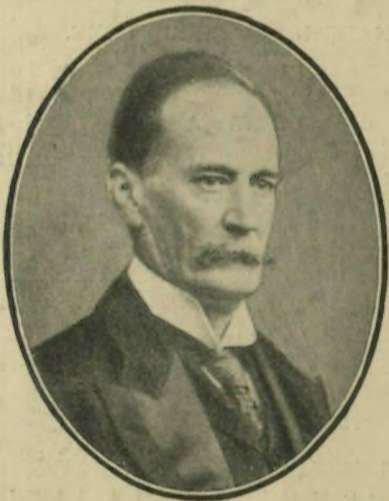
Further News from  
Chili.

Earthquake shocks had not come to an end in Chili at the beginning of the week, and the condition of the inhabitants of Valparaiso and Santiago must be pitiable in the extreme. The total loss of life is

twenty years before 1885, the number of skins taken was about 100,000; for the present season it was 14,368.

## Our Supplement.

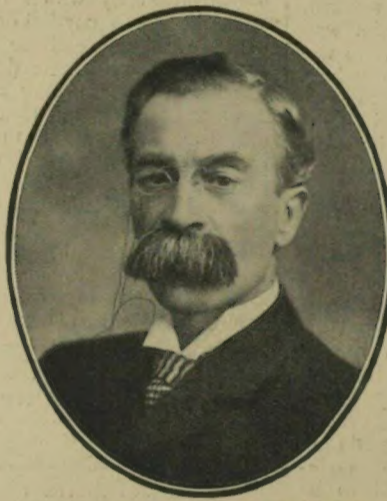
London the ever-changing is the subject of one of the double-page drawings in our Supplement. The last five years has seen a wonderful series of additions to our great buildings, and the most remarkable of these are figured in our Illustration, which forecasts the magnificence of London of the future. The



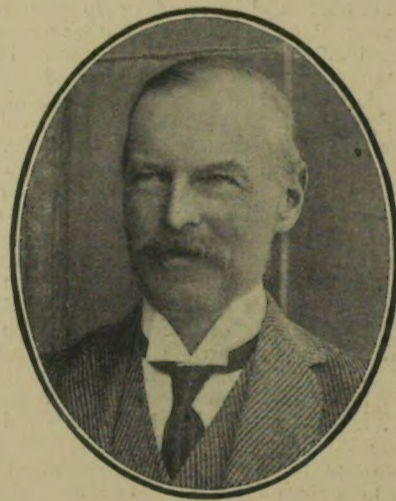
SIR CHARLES RIVAZ,  
Retiring Governor of the Punjab.



THE LATE REV. SIMEON SINGER,  
Minister of the New West-End Synagogue.



THE LATE DR. MARSHALL WARD,  
Professor of Botany at Cambridge.



THE LATE SIR ALLAN MACKENZIE,  
Who was to have entertained the King.

was a member of the Viceroy's Council from the latter date until 1902. He was born in 1845, and was decorated with the K.C.S.I. five years ago.

The Rev. Simeon Singer, minister of the new West End Synagogue, St. Petersburg Place, Bayswater, who died on Aug. 20, was best known, perhaps, by his Authorised Daily Prayer Book, with a new translation of the Hebrew prayers, but he was editor also, with Dr. Schechter, of "Talmudical Fragments in the Bodleian Library," as well as a frequent contributor to the *Jewish Chronicle*. He was born in 1848, was educated at the Jews' College, and became headmaster of the college schools and minister of the Borough Synagogue. He had filled the position he held at the time of his death for twenty-seven years.

M. Alfred Stevens, the celebrated Belgian painter, died in Paris on Aug. 24 at the age of seventy-nine. He began his art studies at a very early age in the studio of Navez, who foretold his future eminence. He was forbidden to paint before he could draw, but in spite of prohibitions, he painted a little study in oils, "En Cachette," seeing which Navez exclaimed, "You will become a great painter." Stevens was a Commander of the Order of Leopold.

The Rev. Edgar Stannard, British Missionary at Baringa, a station on the Upper Congo, has taken an active part in exposing the atrocities committed by servants of the A.B.I.R. upon the natives engaged in the rubber trade. Proceedings were taken against him by the Belgian authorities for criminal libel, and he was fined forty pounds and costs. He has appealed, and has just arrived in England for the purpose of laying his case before the Foreign Office.

Dr. H. Marshall Ward, Professor of Botany in the University of Cambridge, died at Torquay on Aug. 25. Dr. Ward, who was born in 1854, was educated at Owens College, Manchester, and Christ's College, Cambridge. He was first in the Natural Science Tripos in 1875, and from 1880 to 1882 was cryptogamic botanist to the Ceylon Government. In 1883 he became a Fellow of

expected to exceed five thousand, and the work of clearing away the debris that hides living people proceeds slowly. The authorities appear to be doing all that is humanly possible to alleviate suffering and restore confidence; but their difficulties are increased by the action of the lowest and most disreputable classes, who are prowling about the stricken cities and seeking to turn the disaster to account. It has been found necessary to deal with these in accordance with martial law, and all who are caught looting or committing

greatest change in open spaces will be the Queen Victoria Memorial and Processional Route, still far from completion. Our other double-page Illustration depicts an interesting phase of life in Ancient Rome.

## Partridge Prospects.

The little brown bird will be shot to-day throughout the length and breadth of these islands by those who hold that a partridge is bound to be ready for the gun at the earliest date on which he may be shot without violation of the Game Laws. More prudent people, who remember that September is but one of the five months in which the bird may be shot, will hold their hand in those parts of the country where the first partridge broods did badly and the second broods are still to be classed as "cheepers." Conditions have not favoured the partridge on low-lying land. The winter months were uncommonly wet, May and June were unusually cold. In the eastern counties, and particularly in Hunts, Bedfordshire, and a part of Suffolk and Cambridge, a bad storm at the beginning of August has affected sporting prospects very seriously. In Scotland, where the partridge is never too well cared for, although he thrives well enough on all highly farmed lands, few birds will come to the guns in September. The record rain of August has made the corn very late; in many parts the corn-fields show nothing more hopeful than a few yellow patches amid the surrounding green, and harvest will be at least three weeks late. Until corn is cleared it is impossible to get on any terms with the partridge, and by the time the "stooks" are attracting the red grouse from the comparative security of the moors, most of the English sportsmen will be leaving their Northern hunting-lodges for the milder South. Partridge-shooting will never be very popular in Scotland, first, because the grouse holds pride of place, and secondly, because the bird can seldom be driven, and there is seldom enough cover to persuade him to lie to dogs.



THE LATE ALFRED STEVENS,  
Distinguished Belgian Artist.



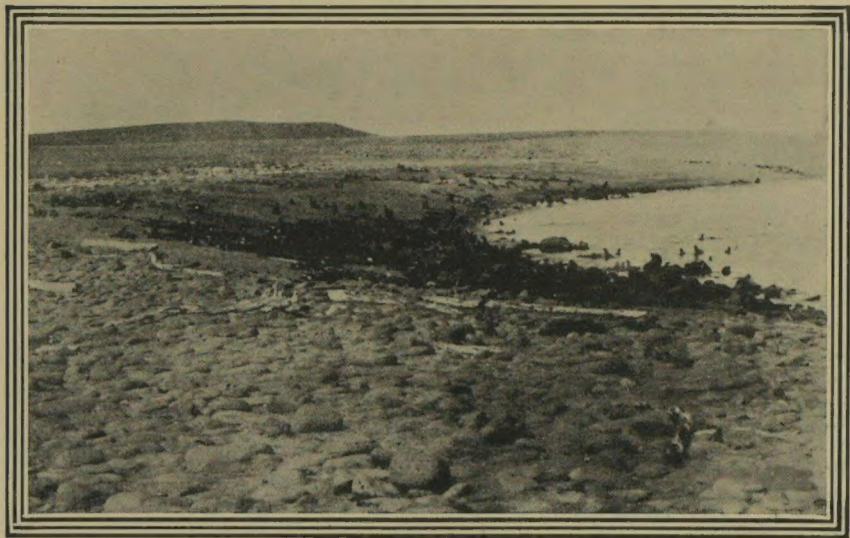
THE REV. EDGAR STANNARD,  
Fined by Belgium for exposing Congo atrocities.

acts of violence are promptly shot. Minor offences are purged by a public flogging.

## Persia's Awakening.

The Shah of Persia, finding that the State funds are in an advanced stage of consumption, and that the inwardness of Russia's troubles is being recognised by his more astute subjects, has decided to convene a National Council. In the spring of the present year he summoned his Ministers at the Courts of Europe to Teheran, and put his plans before them.

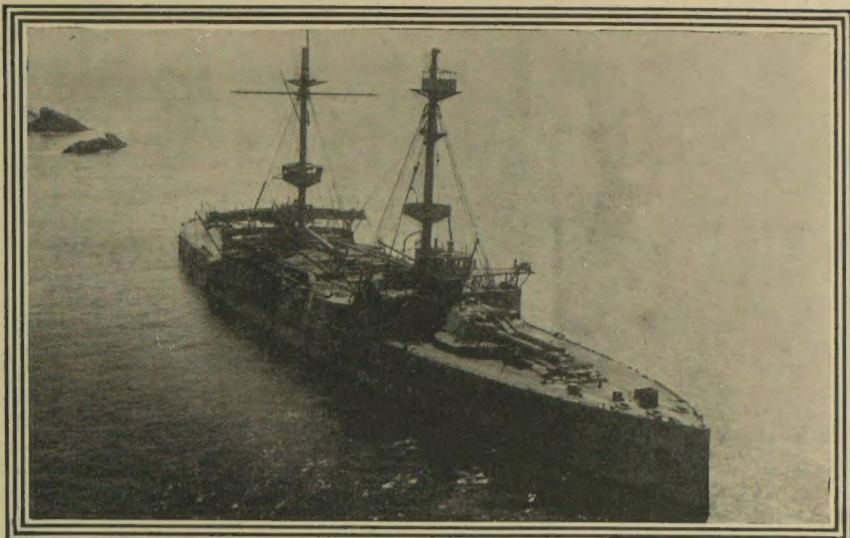
A WORLD - WIDE SURVEY: NOTES FROM EAST AND WEST.



Photo, "Leslie's Weekly."

WHERE THE JAPANESE SEAL-POACHERS WERE KILLED: THE SEAL ROOKERY AT NORTH-EAST POINT, ALASKA.

On July 17 five Japanese were killed and twelve were taken prisoners as the result of a poaching raid upon the fur seal rookeries of the Island of St. Paul, Pribiloff Islands, Alaska. The slight elevation in the centre is the hill from which the principal look-out for poachers is kept. (See article on "World's News" page.)



Photo, Lake.

PAID-OFF FOR THE LAST TIME: THE "MONTAGU" LEFT TO HER FATE ON LUNDY ISLAND.

H.M.S. "Montagu," now finally abandoned on Lundy Island, has been paid off. It is still problematic whether her great guns can be saved. The vessel was a twin-screw battle-ship of the first class. Her tonnage was 14,000 and her indicated horse power 18,000. She was recommissioned at Devonport on October 31, 1905.

A. B. Close-Brooks (Bow).

F. J. Escombe (Coach).

H. G. Baynes (5).

D. C. R. Stuart (Stroke). H. Shimwell.



M. Donaldson (4).

B. C. Johnstone (7).

B. G. A. Scott (Cox.).

H. M. Goldsmith (President) (3).

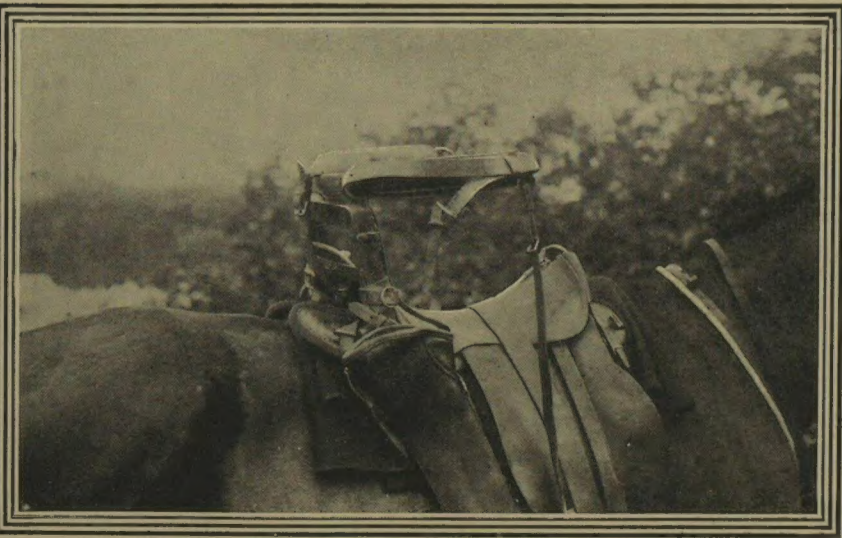
R. V. Powell (6).

J. H. F. Benham (2).

[Photo, Stearns.]

HARVARD'S OPPONENTS: THE CAMBRIDGE CREW TO MEET THE UNITED STATES ON THE RIVER.

It is expected that when the Harvard and Cambridge crews meet on September 8 they will be in exceedingly fine form. In the boat are three First Trinity men—Mr. A. B. Close-Brooks (bow), Mr. M. Donaldson (4), and Mr. H. G. Baynes (5). There are two Third Trinity men, Mr. R. V. Powell (6) and Mr. B. C. Johnstone (7). The stroke, Mr. D. C. R. Stuart, and coxswain, Mr. B. G. A. Scott, are both of Trinity Hall. Mr. J. H. F. Benham (2) and Mr. H. M. Goldsmith (3) are both of Jesus.



THE NEW CAVALRY AMBULANCE-CRUTCH.



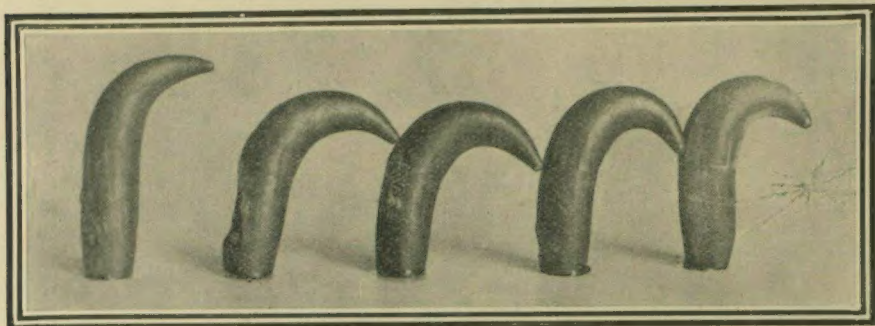
A WOUNDED MAN IN THE CRUTCH.

Photos, Knight.

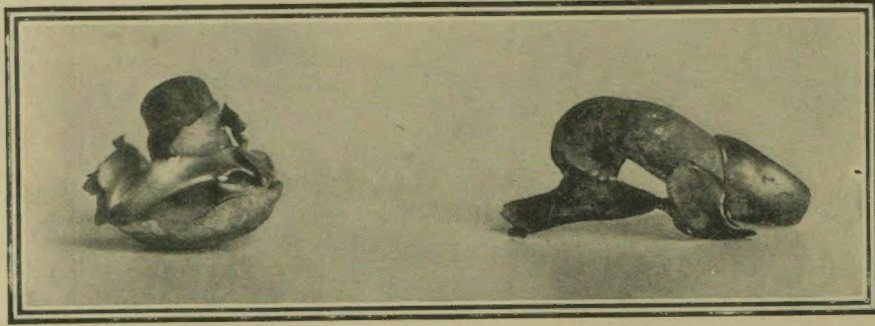
EASE FOR THE WOUNDED: THE "HATHAWAY" CAVALRY AMBULANCE-CRUTCH.

A greater possibility of comfort for a wounded man is secured by this device. The crutch, or chair, encircles the rider at the waist and fixes him in the saddle. Should he be able to hold the bridle, he guides the horse himself—otherwise it is led. The Cavalry Brigade has issued two of these crutches to each regiment for experiment. Ambulance work is done by the bandmen.

# NATURE, SCIENCE, ART, AND HISTORY: AN ILLUSTRATED MISCELLANY.



A MERCIFUL MISSILE: THE NEW FRENCH BULLET "D" AFTER STRIKING A HARD BODY.



A HIDEOUS MISSILE: THE LEBEL BULLET OF 1886 AFTER STRIKING A HARD BODY.

## IMPROVEMENTS IN PROJECTILES: THE NEW FRENCH BULLET CONTRASTED WITH THE LEBEL.

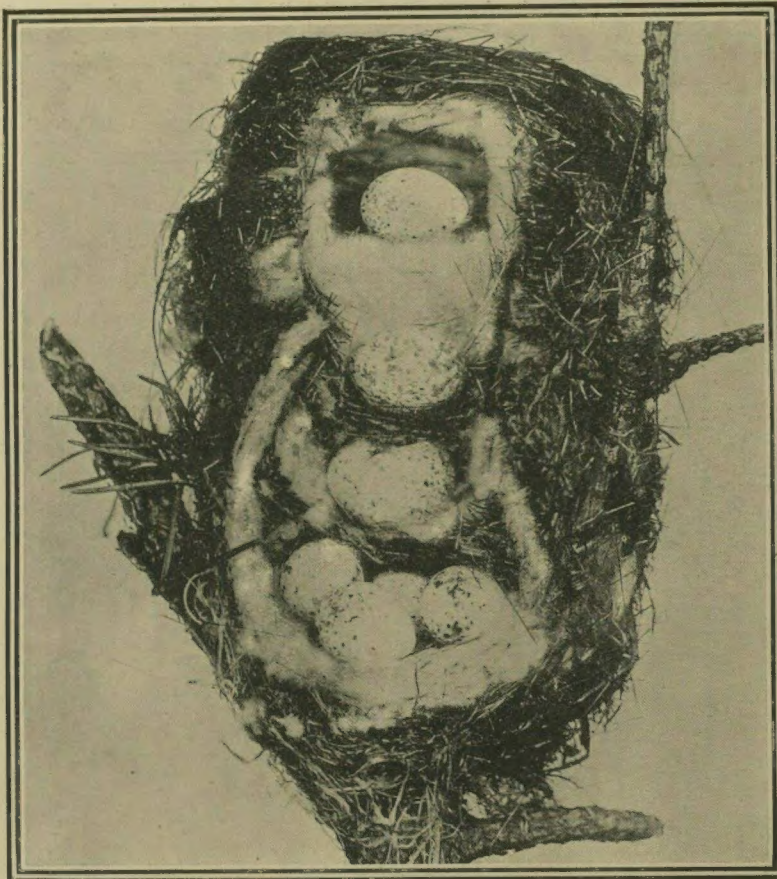
The French Government has just adopted a new bullet, which does not break into a jagged mass after striking a hard body; it merely bends. The wound it inflicts would thus be cleaner and more merciful than that of the Lebel.



Photo Oakley.

A WELL-HEAD DESIGNED BY MRS. G. F. WATTS.

The well-head has been erected in the cemetery at Compton, near Guildford, where the ashes of the late Mr. G. F. Watts are interred. The well was made at the pottery close at hand, established by Mr. and Mrs. Watts. On two sides of the well are figures emblematic of the Tree of Life and the Water of Life. In the churchyard is a wonderful mortuary chapel in the Byzantine style, designed and partly executed by Mrs. Watts. The bricks for the chapel were made at the pottery, and all the work was done by the people of Compton and neighbourhood.



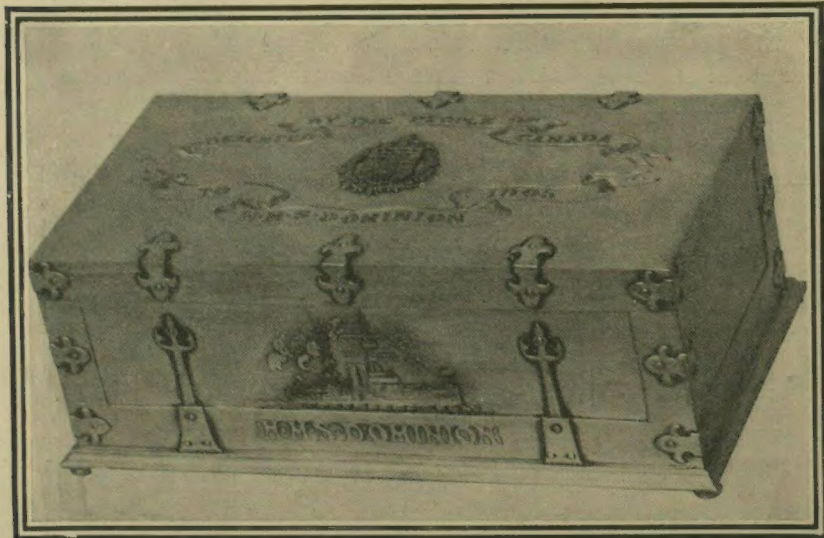
## TO BAULK THE AMERICAN CUCKOO: A FOUR-STOREYED NEST.

This extraordinary nest was recently placed in the Chicago Field Museum, and is here figured by the Curator's courtesy. It represents the efforts of the American yellow warbler to evade hatching eggs of the cow-bird, the cuckoo of America. It is suggested that each successive storey of the nest represents the efforts of the warbler not to sit on the eggs of the cow-bird. The lowest stage is lined with wool, and contains three warblers' and one cow-bird's eggs. Unwilling to accept the strange egg, the warbler roofed over the first nest with twigs, but before it could line this second nest another cow-bird's egg was laid in it. Again the warbler made a roof of twigs, and again the cow-bird intruded. Four times in all the move and counter-move were made, and at last the warbler seems to have abandoned the duel.

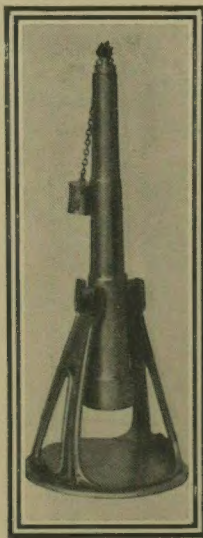


THE WILBERFORCE MUSEUM AT HULL.

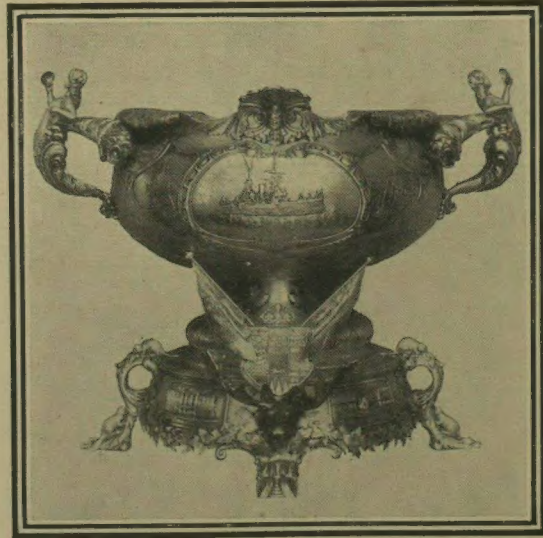
On August 24 the birthplace of Wilberforce was opened by Earl Carrington as a Museum. The house is one of the oldest in Hull, and belonged to one of the merchant princes of the city. Before the Civil War Charles I. was entertained there, and he slept in the room in which Wilberforce, the slave-emancipator, was afterwards born. Many relics of Wilberforce have been placed in the Museum, and the Corporation hope to add others. For the photograph we are indebted to the Curator of the Hull Municipal Museum.



ONE OF THE DOMINION CIGARETTE-BOXES.



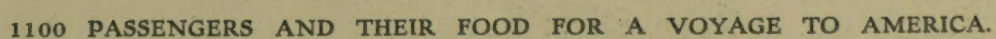
A CIGAR-LIGHTER.



THE DOMINION LOVING-CUP.

## CANADA'S GIFT TO H.M.S. "DOMINION": BEAUTIFUL CANADIAN SILVER-WORK.

On August 22 the people of Canada presented to H.M.S. "Dominion" an investment bond of \$1500, creating an annuity of about £12 per annum, to be divided in prizes for gunnery practice. They have also given a silver shield upon which the names of the winners are to be engraved, a loving-cup for the Officers' Mess, and four cigar and cigarette boxes, with lighters, for the ship's mess-rooms. All the articles are of Canadian design, and were made in Canada of Canadian silver.



The "Deutschland" itself consumes 5000 tons of coal on the voyage.

# THE COMING OF THE MOTOR-'BUS.—No. V.: ANOTHER 1833 FORERUNNER.

DRAWN BY A. FORESTIER.

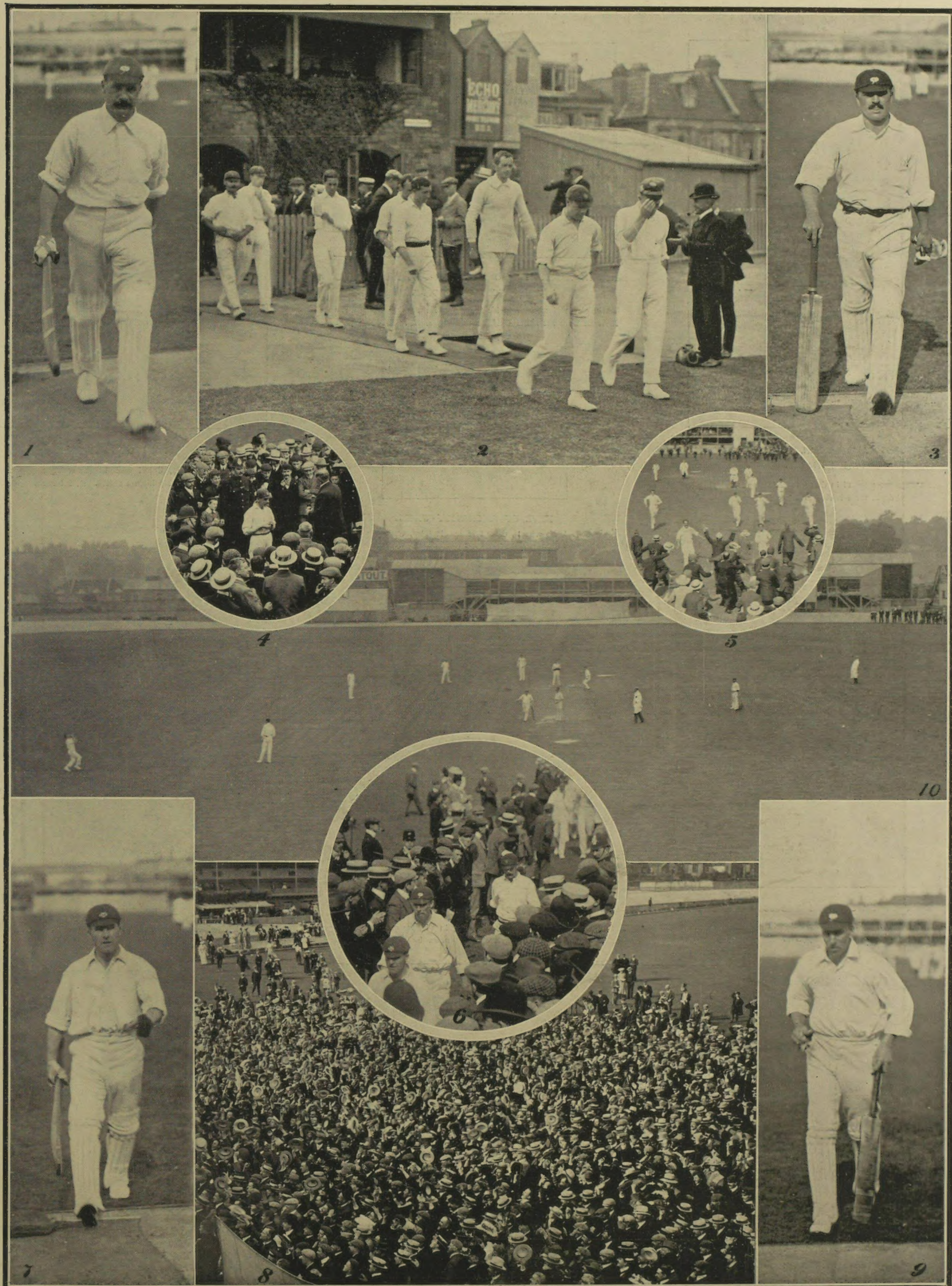


ON THE HARROW ROAD SEVENTY-THREE YEARS AGO: THE SQUIRE AND MACERONE STEAM-COACH.

The Squire and Macerone coach ran daily from Paddington to Edgware and Harrow, at an average speed of fourteen miles an hour. On level ground it could attain a speed of twenty miles an hour. The cost of coke was from 3d. to 4d. per mile. By the time this coach was running it had been decided by the Parliamentary Committee that steam-coaches were perfectly safe for passengers, and that they were not, and need not be, if properly constructed, nuisances to the public. The Committee also gave it as its opinion that steam-carriages would become a speedier and cheaper mode of conveyance than carriages drawn by horses.

# GLOUCESTER'S WIN THAT MAY GIVE KENT THE CHAMPIONSHIP.

## THE GLOUCESTERSHIRE V. YORKSHIRE MATCH AT BRISTOL.



1. TAYLOR (YORKSHIRE).

2. GLOUCESTER TAKING THE FIELD.

3. HAIGH (YORKSHIRE).

7. RUDSTON (YORKSHIRE).

4. MR. BELOE, CHAIRMAN OF THE G.C.C., PRESENTING DENNETT (GLOUCESTER) WITH THE BALL WITH WHICH HE TOOK ALL TEN ESSEX WICKETS ON BANK HOLIDAY.

8. CHEERING THE PLAYERS.

10. HIRST, CAUGHT JESSOP (GLOUCESTERSHIRE CAPTAIN), BOWLED DENNETT.

5. THE PLAYERS RUNNING OFF THE FIELD AT THE FINISH OF THE MATCH.

6. COMING IN TO LUNCH.

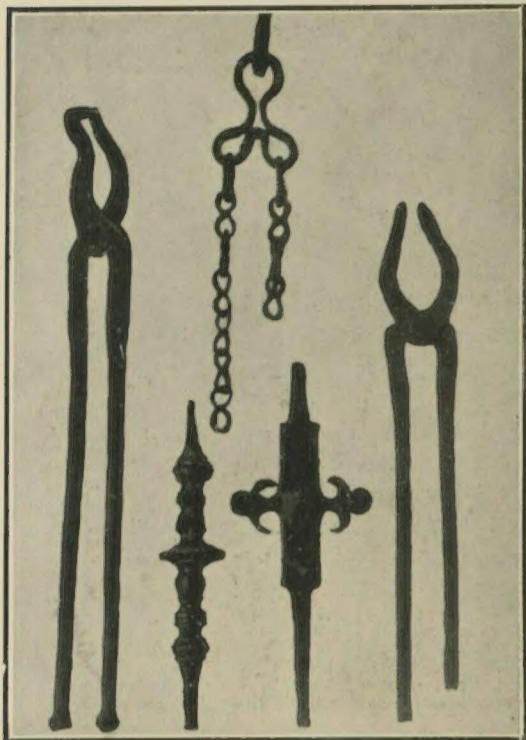
9. THE YORKSHIRE CAPTAIN, ERNEST SMITH.

It has been an exciting year in County Cricket. The match at Bristol, which ended on August 25 in a victory for Gloucestershire over Yorkshire by one run, placed the championship practically in the hands of Kent, which had only to avoid defeat in the concluding matches to secure the coveted distinction.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY ILLUSTRATIONS BUREAU.

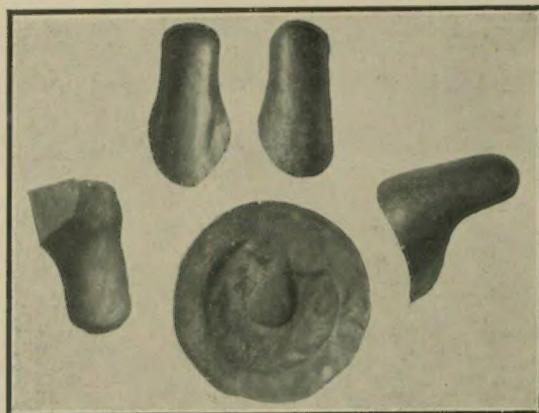
# WHAT THE ROMAN SOLDIER LEFT IN SCOTLAND: THE FINDS AT NEWSTEAD.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY MISS C. H. CURLE.



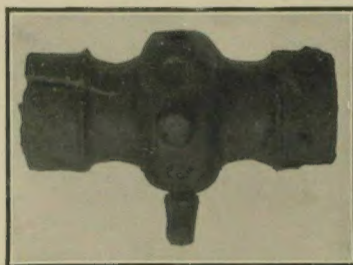
SMITH'S TONGS AND CHAIN, AND OBJECTS OF UNKNOWN USE.

All these things were found in disused wells or pits, varying in depth from twelve to thirty feet.



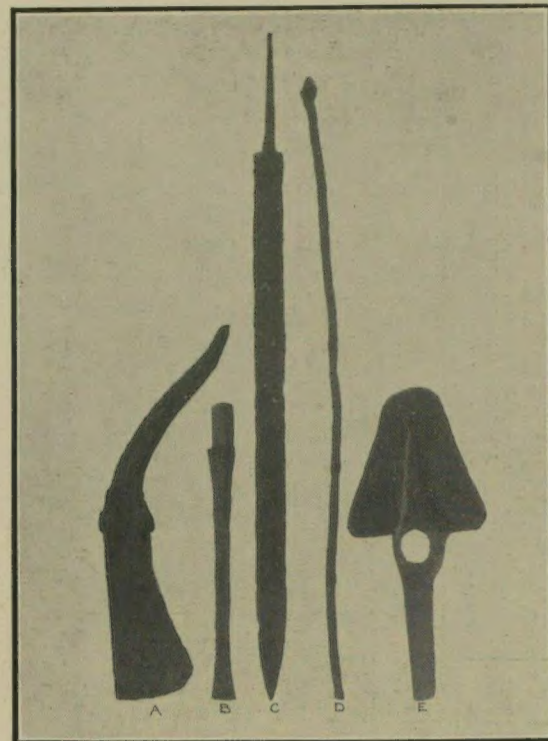
ROMAN ARMOUR: TWO SHOULDER-PIECES AND TWO ARM-PIECES OF BRONZE.

Three of the pieces bear inside the figure XII., and one the figure XV., all with the name SENECTIONIS in graffiti. Circular plate probably boss of a shield.



NAVE OF A CHARIOT-WHEEL.

Two wheels, three feet in diameter, were found. The felloes are ash rimmed with iron; the hubs of elm.



IRON UTENSILS.

A. Military pick. B. Chisel with handle of bone. C. Sword. D. Iron rib, probably from a shield. E. Istrenching tool.



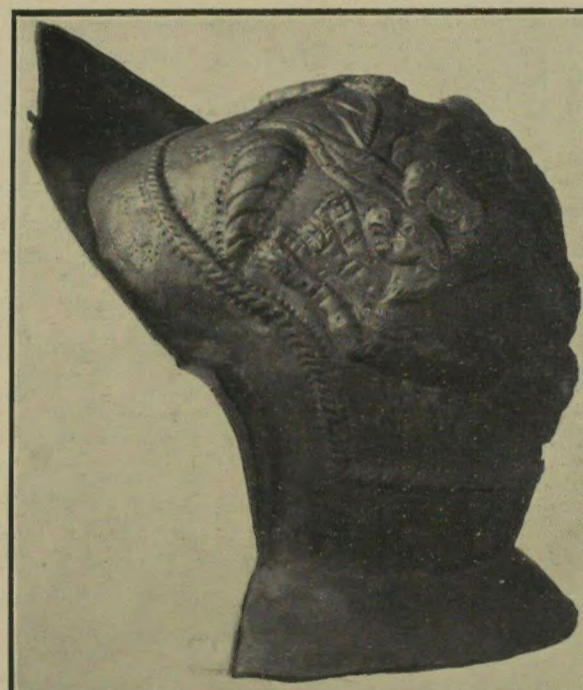
HELMET OF BRASS WITH EMBOSSED DECORATION.

On the rim at the back is an inscription in punctured letters, as yet undeciphered.



THE BRASS HELMET: FRONT VIEW.

The design is a winged figure floating in advance of another winged figure driving a chariot drawn by griffins.



THE BRASS HELMET SEEN FROM THE LEFT.

The helmet is golden in colour. The lower part is covered with a black incrustation.



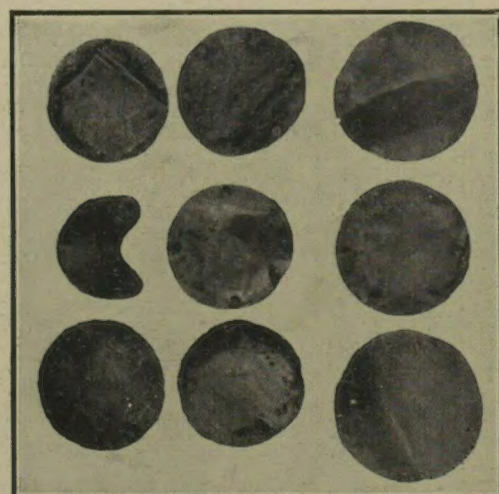
MASK OF IRON FORMING A VISOR.

The visor is broken in two places. Small plates of silver are fixed between the locks of hair.



SAMIAN BOWL.

Probably made at Bannassac or Granfesenque, France, at the end of the first or early second century A.D.



NINE PHALERÆ (ORNAMENTAL DISCS) OF BRONZE.

Each of these is inscribed with the words "Dometi Attici" (Dometius Atticus). They were found with the helmet and other objects.

In their excavation of the Roman fort at Newstead, near Melrose, the Society of Antiquaries of Scotland have this year been more fortunate in bringing to light relics of the past than is usual in similar investigations in this country. From the bottom of deep pits cleared out in the course of the excavation, many very interesting objects have been recovered. Iron tools in considerable variety, an altar dedicated to Jupiter, a couple of wooden chariot-wheels, swords, spears, pioneers' axes, and specimens of armour such as have rarely been met with. From one pit alone three helmets were taken. Two of these are of iron, one of brass. The brass helmet is in perfect preservation, highly decorated with embossed work. One of the iron helmets, though much damaged, is very fine, with a visor mask resembling in many ways the well-known Ribchester helmet in the British Museum. With the helmets lay nine discs of bronze, with small rivets to fasten them on a leather surcoat, each inscribed with the name "Dometi Attici"; also four pieces of armour for the protection of the arms and shoulders, each inscribed with a number and the name "Senecionis." From the same pit came a large bronze object resembling a shield boss, a couple of bridle bits, a small sickle, and a quern with all its mountings. In the "Scottish Historical Review" for July Mr. J. H. Curle discusses the finds.

# THOMAS ATKINS' AUTUMN TRAINING: REGULAR AND VOLUNTEER NOTES.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE PRESS PICTURE AGENCY, CRIBB, PATERSON, HAMILTON, AND KNIGHT.



**FORDING HORSES BY PULLEY: THE CAVALRY BRIGADE MANŒUVRES.**  
On August 24 the First Cavalry Brigade began three days' manœuvres on the Berkshire Downs. The Second Cavalry Brigade manœuvred near Lewes. The horses were hauled over the Sussex Ouse by pulley.



**NEW MOTOR TORPEDO-BOAT BESIDE THE NEW SUBMARINE PARENT-SHIP.**  
The new submarine parent-ship is the "Mercury." She was photographed in Haslar Creek. Alongside of her is a submarine trying engines. On the left is the motor torpedo-boat, the "Yarrow Napier," on which the King sailed

Col. Greig, Major Malcolm



**AT CULLODEN, THE GREAT LONDON CALEDONIAN REGIMENT AT THE CUMBERLAND STONE.**



**COLONEL GREIG AND MAJOR MALCOLM ADDRESSING THE REGIMENT FROM THE CUMBERLAND STONE.**

## ON THEIR NATIVE HEATH: THE GREAT MARCH OF THE LONDON SCOTTISH THROUGH SCOTLAND.

The London Scottish have just concluded a most successful march in Scotland. They visited the battlefield of Culloden and carried out a day's manœuvres with the Black Watch, in the course of which the 42nd had to retire. Major Malcolm addressed the regiment from the Cumberland Stone, where the Duke of Cumberland stood to direct his forces at Culloden in 1745. There is a rumour in Inverness that the London Scottish had the audacity to play "Wha saw the 42nd, wha saw them rin awa?"



**THE WAR MINISTER IN THE FIELD: MR. HALDANE AT MANŒUVRES.**

Mr. Haldane recently visited the Manœuvres near Lewes. The War Minister was photographed while in conversation with Lord Methuen (on the left) and with Brigadier-General Byng (on the right).



**SAFE WATER FOR THE CAVALRY AT WELFORD PARK: THE NEW BROWNLOW FILTER.**

The lessons of the South African War have made the military authorities very careful about the water supply of the troops. A new filter has been in use during the cavalry manœuvres in Berkshire. The filter is mounted something like a gun-limber.

THE MEAGRE DEFENCE OF AUSTRALIA: THE IMPERIAL FLEET IN AUSTRALIAN WATERS.

DRAWN BY NORMAN WILKINSON.



"Cambrian" (2). "Torch" (Sloop). "Encounter" (2). "Challenger" (2). "Powerful" (1). "Pyramus" (3). "Psyche" (3). "Prometheus" (3). "Pioneer" (3). "Pegasus" (3).

AUSTRALIA'S NAVY: THE IMPERIAL FLEET.		
SHIPS.		CLASS.
"Powerful" (Cruiser)	...	1
"Cambrian," "Challenger," and "Encounter" (Cruisers)	...	2
"Pyramus," "Psyche," "Prometheus," "Pioneer," and "Pegasus" (Cruisers)	3	
"Torch"	...	Sloop.
Provision agreed upon in 1903: Cruisers, first class, 1; second class, 2; third class, 4. Sloops, 4.		

ALL SECOND AND THIRD-CLASS SHIPS SAVE ONE.

Great dissatisfaction has been caused in Australia by the practical rejection of Captain Creswell's scheme for a second line of naval defence, to be used purely as a defensive line within the defence line of the Imperial Fleet. It has been stated that the Imperial Fleet falls short of the strength agreed upon by the Mother Country and the Colony; but this is scarcely so. The list numerically rather exceeds the promise, but the ships, with the exception of the "Powerful," are by no means formidable.

CAPTAIN CRESWELL'S REJECTED PROPOSAL FOR COMMONWEALTH FLEET, TO ACT WITHIN THE IMPERIAL LINE.		
Cruiser-Destroyers	...	3
Torpedo-Boat Destroyers	...	16
Torpedo-Boats	...	15
Total cost of this provision	...	£2,300,000
(To be spread over seven years.)		
Annual sum for up-keep	...	£120,000

PRINCES TRAINED TO BE SPORTSMEN: A ROYAL VISIT TO THE CAMBRIDGE-HARVARD PRACTICE.

DRAWING BY S. BEGG, PHOTOGRAPHS BY TOPICAL PRESS.

SPECTATORS CAUGHT BY THE UNUSUALLY HIGH TIDE AT PUTNEY.

Mr. Muttiebury.

THE PRINCES GOING DOWN TO THE COACH'S LAUNCH.



HARVARD ROWING OVER THE COURSE.

Prince George. Prince Edward. Sir W. Carrington. Mr. Hansell.

CAMBRIDGE.		st.	lb.
1. A. R. Close-Brooks (First Trinity) (bow)	...	11	2
2. J. H. F. Benham (Jesus)	...	12	0½
3. H. M. Goldsmith (Jesus)	...	12	2½
4. M. Donaldson (First Trinity)	...	13	9
5. H. G. Baynes (First Trinity)	...	14	0
6. R. V. Powell (Third Trinity)	...	12	7½
7. B. C. Johnstone (Third Trinity)	...	12	10½
D. C. R. Stuart (Trinity Hall) (stroke)	...	11	3
B. G. A. Scott (Trinity Hall) (cox.)	...	8	7

PRINCES EDWARD AND GEORGE OF WALES WATCHING THE PRACTICE FOR THE HARVARD-CAMBRIDGE RACE AT PUTNEY.

On August 23, when the Cambridge and Harvard crews began their practice for the race of September 8 on London waters, Princes Edward and George of Wales went down to Putney with Sir William Carrington and Mr. Hansell, their tutor, to see the crews. They went out on the launch "Hibernia," from which Mr. Muttiebury coaches Cambridge through the megaphone. After their spin on the river the Princes had tea at the Leander Club, and then they saw Harvard start for their practice.

On August 24 Harvard rowed the course in 21 minutes 40 seconds.

HARVARD.		st.	lb.
B. M. Tappan (bow)	...	12	4
2. S. W. Fish	...	12	0
3. C. Morgan	...	13	6
4. G. G. Glass	...	13	8
5. J. Richardson	...	12	9
6. R. L. Bacon	...	13	4
7. D. A. Newhall	...	13	4
D. O. Filley (stroke)	...	12	3
M. B. Blagden (cox.)	...	7	0

## AT THE SIGN OF ST. PAUL'S.

BY ANDREW LANG.

THERE is a great deal of writing about "the commercialisation of literature," and a sensible article on the subject, by an author's agent, appears in the *Fortnightly Review* for August. There must inevitably be a commercial element where one man has the result of his work to dispose of, and another man is inclined to purchase it. Milton made a bargain, such as it was, for "Paradise Lost"; and Ronsard expresses, in a letter, a desire to get as much money for his poems as will pay for his fuel in winter. This was about 1570, and Ronsard, the most popular poet of his day, did not expect to obtain what he wanted.

There does not seem to have been much competition among publishers for the work of "The Prince of Poets," and indeed such competition hardly began till novels became lucrative, in the days of Scott. Then his "author's agent," John Ballantyne, set one publisher bidding against another, and literature was nakedly "commercialised." Probably literature which is not fiction, or "reminiscences," is not more "commercialised" now than at any other period. The literature which demands hard, sedulous labour is not commercial, it is too unpopular.

There is a mysterious recent case, deep in the metaphysics of copyright. A offers B no less than two hundred pounds for a novel, unwritten, to contain eighty thousand words. It does not seem a very large sum, yet it was to be easily earned compared with what a man earns in other fields of authorship.

For example, it takes as long merely to correct sixteen pages of proof-sheet of a work on a learned subject as to write this column. Every one of the sixteen pages is full of references to authorities, to volume, and page, and line. Each such reference in the proof must be carefully compared with the passages quoted, and, as numerals, Roman or Arabic, are constantly misprinted, the author plays a weary game of Hide and Seek among dozens of cumbersome volumes. His printer has put o for 6, 5 for 3, ix. for ii., and so on.

Such is the labour of literature that is not "creative," in the mere detail of proof-correction, while the happy novelist sails gaily along, and dreams not of such toil. When the other kind of author has finished his 80,000 words, does he get £200 for them? Very seldom, I suspect, because for his sort of work there are few purchasers indeed. He cannot be accused of "commercialising literature," nor can his publisher. The novelists are the guilty persons, and, I presume, only experience will cure them; their fault, like

That of the Dutch.

Is giving too little and asking too much.

They will come to be found out, and nobody will be sorry for them when that happens.

Mr. Justice Kekewich says that, when asked to decide on questions of copyright, he feels, like Hamlet, a sense of the "cursed spite" of fate. How are you to discriminate between "assignment" and "employment"? The question, being complicated with "time," becomes metaphysical. The defendants might have urged, had Mr. Haldane been their counsel, that Time is "an *a priori* sensuous scheme," or even a hallucination. However, they did not do that, and lost their case.

A stranger question of copyright might arise, to my private knowledge. I shall change the dates and give fictitious names, while retaining the essence of the actual problem. Mr. Brown is descended from a sister of the Rev. Ninian Winzet, the confessor of Mary, Queen of Scots; when she was a prisoner of Queen Elizabeth, in 1572. Mr. Brown possesses, probably through Winzet's sister, a manuscript written by Winzet, and containing curious information about Queen Mary, much coveted by historians. Mr. Brown "sits tight," and does not impart his manuscript.

Another gentleman, Mr. Black, in no way connected by blood with Winzet, the author of the manuscript, in skirmishing through his ancient ancestral library, finds a dusky little volume in old calf. It bears the arms of his family, and on the fly-leaves are notes of private affairs dated 1569-1585. The text of the volume contains Winzet's reminiscences, in the hand and orthography of his period. Apparently the holy man made two copies of his little book, or had two made.

Mr. Black would like to publish his find. Can he legally do so, if Mr. Brown, a kinsman of the author by blood, raises an objection? Can Mr. Black even print his treasure for private circulation? Can he allow an historian to quote from it?

This kind of case does not often occur, but it is a possible case. Mr. Justice Kekewich must pray that fortune will not be so unkind as to bid him "set it right." There was recently in the Courts a similar but much less ancient problem about the copyright in some letters of Charles Lamb. I believe it was settled in a rather unexpected way, and that the law is gloriously uncertain. If I were so unlucky as to be the Judge in a case like that feigned between Mr. Brown and Mr. Black, I would first insist (if the law permits) on reading the manuscript in my judicial capacity. Having thus satisfied my curiosity, and having ascertained that Mr. Black could not prove assignment by Ninian Winzet of his copyright to Mr. Black's ancestor—I would give my verdict in favour of Mr. Brown, as representing, in the female line, the blood of the author of the manuscript, who, being a priest, could have no legal heirs of his body begotten. I have even heard of a case in which a ghost of two centuries' standing, and hitherto quiescent, interfered successfully with an intended infringement of his copyright in his manuscript. He objected to publication, and carried his point. The leaders of science, such as Mr. Edward Clodd, will decline to accept this narrative.

## CHESS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—Communications for this department should be addressed to the Chess Editor, Milford Lane, Strand, W.C.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEMS Nos. 3237 and 3238 received from Fred Long (Santiago, Chile) and J. E. (Valparaiso); of No. 3245 from Girindra Chandra Mukherji (Muktagachi, India); of No. 3246 from Jivan Jha (Ramanagar, India); of No. 3248 from C. Field junior (Athol, Mass.) and D. B. R. (Oban); of No. 3249 from A. J. Thornhill (Buckden, Leics.); and W. B. R. (Dartmouth); of No. 3250 from P. U. B. (St. Petersburg), A. W. Hamilton-Gell (Exeter), T. Carnall, Seymour Duncan (Chelsea), and H. W. Bick (Camberwell).

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 3251 received from J. D. Tucker (Hkley), F. Waller (Luton), E. J. Winter-wood, A. Stevenson (Clifton), Stettin, H. W. Bick (Camberwell), Shadforth, F. Henderson (Leeds), Sorrento, and R. Worters (Canterbury).

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 3250.—By H. J. M.

WHITE. 1. Kt takes P 2. P to Kt 4th 3. B mates

BLACK. P takes Q K takes Kt

## CHESS IN BELGIUM.

Game played at Ostend between Messrs. MARSHALL and SWIDERSKI. (Queen's Pawn Game.)

WHITE (Mr. S.) 1. P to Q 4th 2. Kt to K B 3rd 3. P to K 3rd 4. Q Kt to Q 2nd 5. B to K 2nd 6. P takes P

BLACK (Mr. M.) 1. P to Q 4th 2. P to Q B 4th 3. Kt to K B 3rd 4. Kt to B 3rd 5. B to B 4th 6. P to K 4th

Black's departure from orthodox lines is proving very advantageous, for he has now a fine open game.

7. B to Kt 5th 8. P to Q Kt 4th 9. B to Kt 2nd 10. P to Q R 3rd 11. P to B 4th

With a view, no doubt, of getting his Queen's Knight into action, but overlooking the admirable reply. He should Castle previous to the text move.

12. Q to Kt 3rd 13. P takes P

The play now enters a very sparkling phase, and the ingenuity on both sides is almost bewildering.

Black is never wanting in audacity, but here he almost exceeds himself.

10. P tks R (Q) (ch) 11. Kt to Q 4th 12. K R to Kt sq 13. Q R to K B sq

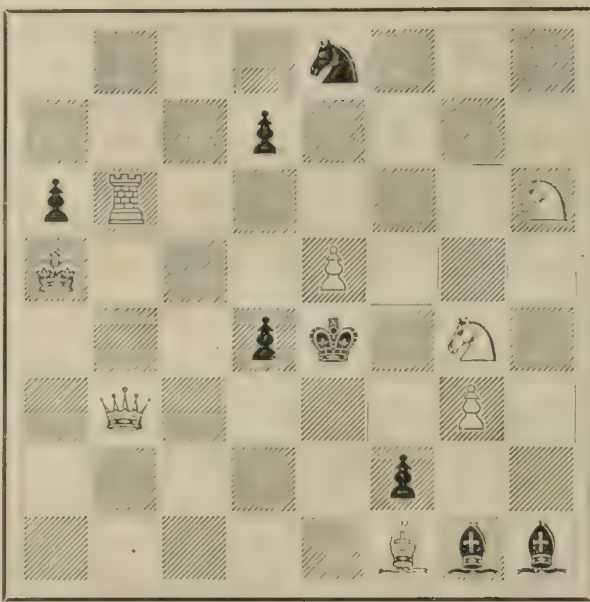
The brilliant conclusion of a fine struggle.

23. P takes R 24. K to B sq 25. Q to Kt sq 26. Q to B 2nd 27. K to Q 2nd 28. K to K 3rd 29. K to B 3rd

White resigns.

PROBLEM No. 3253.—By B. G. LAWS.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play, and mate in two moves.

## CHESS AT SHREWSBURY.

Game played in the Championship Tourney of the British Chess Congress, between the Rev. W. C. PALMER and Mr. F. E. HAMOND.

(Queen's Pawn Game.)

WHITE (Mr. P.) 1. P to Q 4th 2. P to Q B 4th 3. Kt to K B 3rd 4. B to B 4th 5. P to Q 5th 6. Kt to B 3rd 7. P to K 4th 8. B to Q 2nd 9. Q to R 4th

BLACK (Mr. H.) 1. Kt to K B 3rd 2. P to Q 3rd 3. Q Kt to Q 2nd 4. P to B 4th 5. P to K Kt 3rd 6. B to Kt 2nd 7. Kt to R 4th 8. Q to K 3rd

The object is mainly to prevent Q takes P, but the Q is taken right out of the game.

10. B to Q 3rd 11. B to B 4th 12. P takes P 13. P to K Kt 3rd

An excellent continuation, gaining entrance for another piece into the attack.

14. Kt takes Kt

15. K to Q sq 16. R to Q Kt sq. B to Kt 5th (ch), wins.

17. B to K 2nd 18. Kt takes R 19. B to B sq 20. K to Q 2nd 21. K takes B 22. Q to B 2nd 23. R takes B

Emerging without material loss, but with a hopeless position. Black scores a clever win.

24. K to B sq 25. R to K sq 26. R to B sq

White resigns.

Another Game from the British Championship Tourney, played between Messrs. MICHELL and SHOOSMITH.

(Queen's Pawn Game.)

WHITE (Mr. M.) 1. P to Q 4th 2. P to Q B 4th 3. Kt to Q B 3rd 4. B to Kt 5th 5. P to K 3rd 6. Kt to B 3rd 7. B to Q 3rd 8. Castles 9. R to B sq 10. P takes P 11. Kt to K 5th 12. P to B 4th

BLACK (Mr. S.) 1. P to Q 4th 2. P to Q 3rd 3. Kt to K B 3rd 4. Q Kt to Q 2nd 5. B to K 2nd 6. P to Q R 3rd 7. P takes P 8. P to B 4th 9. Kt to K sq 10. Kt to K sq 11. Q takes B 12. Kt takes Kt 13. R to Q sq

Successfully tried at O-tend, but here White develops on stronger lines.

15. B takes Kt

16. Q to R 3rd 17. R to B 4th 18. Q R to B sq

Black's King is exposed to the full fury of a most vigorously pressed assault.

19. Kt to B 2nd 20. R to B 6th 21. B to Kt sq

Black can scarcely be unconscious of his doom, but this is mere submission to it.

22. Kt to Kt 3rd 23. Kt to B 5th (ch) 24. Q to R 6th 25. R to B 3rd

The attack was well conceived; and brilliantly executed.

The meeting of the British Chess Association at Shrewsbury resulted as follows—British Chess Championship: Atkins (holder), first; Michell, second. First-class Amateur Tournament: Shories, first. Problem-Solving Competition: Keeble, first; Dixon, second; Wahluch, third. The proceedings went very smoothly, and the gathering proved an unqualified success. A high standard of play characterised all the games.

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## SCIENCE JOTTINGS.

SOME RESEARCHES ON DIET.

IT cannot be denied that diet questions of late days have figured very prominently in discussions not only of technical kind, but also in those of lay description. The interest taken, for example, in the details of what is popularly known as the "simple life" mode of existence illustrates how the man in the street has been quick to seize upon the salient features of a régime the adoption of which promises a larger share of health than he has been accustomed to expect or enjoy. In scientific circles the interest exhibited in dietetics is of more practical nature. We seem to be on the point of being compelled to revise our notions of the quantities of food regarded as necessary for the maintenance of the body, and for the development of the living organism of working power.

I never cease to think of an old friend of mine, who has long since passed the bourne whence no traveller returns, Dr. Milner Fothergill, as the pioneer in emphasising the importance of a regulated diet in the cure of disease. Fothergill left us his books on the subject, works which remain to testify to the clearness of his vision in days when the influence of the dietary both in health and in illness was not regarded as a subject demanding special attention from medical men. Things are changed to-day, and that for the better. The physician now goes the length of providing his patients with a diet-list, noting the things each may eat and deleting those of which he should not partake. All this seems a natural feature of medical practice to-day, but it was Milner Fothergill who first set his confrères on the fair way to the knowledge of what diet may mean and is in the fight against disease.

One result of the dietetic awakening is seen in the increased attention given to every phase of the subject of nutrition. Other workers have followed Chittenden, and have extended the scope of his labours, while some, indeed, having anticipated the American investigator in certain of his conclusions. Among researches which have had for their object the determination of the influence of special kinds of diet on animal development, those undertaken by Dr. D. Chalmers Watson stand out in due prominence. Dr. Watson has long given attention and study to diet questions, and as a well-known experimenter whose deductions are made with caution and elicited with care, the results he chronicles are well worthy of the attention of all who recognise the justice of the motto that food makes the man, and, equally, the saying that many men dig their graves with their teeth.

Dr. Watson in 1905 showed that within half a century a very great increase has taken place in the consumption of animal food amongst us. From 3 lb. per head in 1853 the amount of imported meat has risen to 50 lb. per head in 1903. Now, with such an increase represented in a special, or, at least, a prominent kind of food, the question emerges of the necessity therefore, and, still more, of the effects on the national health, of this large consumption of nitrogenous diet. Dr. Watson has taken a double line of research here, in that he seeks to determine, first, the results produced on animal growth and development; and second, those to be discerned in the structure and functions of animals as produced by different modes of feeding, these modes including mostly examples of erroneous and unsuitable dietaries. The latter piece of research is proceeding, and it will be of interest for us to be informed of actual effects on the animal body, which an unwise or unnatural diet may and can produce. Already, as regards the influence of such diet on growth and development, Dr. Watson has been able to afford some striking proofs. It is not the least important part of his labours, that he has shown that foods which might be regarded as perfectly suitable for young animals can be shown to be of absolutely harmful nature.

The investigations were conducted by feeding rats on horseflesh and oxflesh on the one hand, and on bread and milk on the other. Needless to say, the amount of nitrogenous material in the horseflesh and beef (81 and 49 per cent. respectively) far exceeded that (18 per cent.) represented in the bread and milk. Of fat the beef and horseflesh contained 46 and 14 per cent., while the bread and milk gave of this item 4 per cent. only. Of starch or sugar, the flesh diets contained only 1.5 and 1.7 per cent., these items in the bread and milk rising to 73.1 per cent. Here, therefore, we are face to face with two distinct forms of diet, one (the flesh foods) in which the quantity of nitrogenous matter was great, and one (the bread and milk) in which this material was by no means excessive.

Feeding young rats on the flesh diet—Dr. Watson found that their growth is retarded. He gives us photographs of rats fed on each kind of food, and assuredly the contrast between the healthy-looking and well-grown animals receiving a bread and milk diet, and those fed on flesh is of most marked kind. Another result obtained is found in the fact that if the use of the meat diet is commenced in very early life, the fertility of the animals is lessened in a decided degree, while the secretion of milk is also diminished. Nor is this all. Excess of flesh diet causes a weakening of the resistant power of the animals against disease-attack, and there is also represented a high death rate in the young of animals fed on that diet.

How far these results may be regarded as applying to mankind, is, of course, a debatable matter; but it is undeniable that from what we know of the effects of improper diet on infants, the conclusion that weakness, ill-health, and premature decay may be induced in humanity by erroneous feeding (and specially by excess of flesh foods) is one of sound nature. Dr. Watson emphasises the gouty state as one liable to be induced by the excessive use of meat, and his remark that the investigations confirm the importance of attending to the early feeding of humanity, is one which should not be forgotten as a practical deduction of the highest importance to the race.

ANDREW WILSON.

# THE NEW CUBAN REVOLT, AND FRENCH MILITARY NOVELTIES.



IN THE POOR QUARTER OF SANTIAGO.



CUTTING TOBACCO IN THE PROVINCE OF HAVANA.



NATIVES AT HOME IN PINAR DEL RIO, CUBA.



PRIMITIVE CUBA: A SOLID-WHEEL OX-CART.



A VILLAGE IN THE INTERIOR OF CUBA.



A CHARACTERISTIC CUBAN VILLAGE: SAN LUIS

## UNCLE SAM'S NEW COLONIAL TROUBLE: THE INSURRECTION IN CUBA.

STEREOGRAPHS COPYRIGHT BY UNDERWOOD AND UNDERWOOD, LONDON AND NEW YORK

In the photographs of the tobacco plantation the tobacco plants are those growing close to the ground. The higher plants are banana trees. When the tobacco shoots are five or six inches high they are transplanted into these rows. The blossoms are picked off in order to send all the strength into the leaves. Refractory plants sometimes send out new stems, but these are also picked, and at length the plant does what is required of it. The peasant family is typical of the Cubans who suffered under Spanish oppression in the Concentration camps. The same people are now trying to throw off the American yoke.



LOOK-OUT LADDERS ON WHEELS.



THE NEW FRENCH SIEGE-PIECE.



A CURIOUS LOCOMOTIVE FOR MILITARY TRANSPORT.



A NEW USE FOR THE NEW POWER: WATER TRANSPORT BY MOTOR.

## FRENCH MILITARY NOVELTIES USED AT THE RECENT MANŒUVRES IN FRANCE.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY TOPICAL PRESS.

The look-out ladders resemble fire-escapes. They are telescopic, and can be thrown up to a great height in order to permit scouts to view the surrounding country. A feature of the Manœuvres has been the light railway for transports. The water for the troops has been conveyed by motor-car, which will be the motive power of the future in the field.



# " HIS MAJESTY THE KING ! "

FROM THE PAINTING BY R. CATON WOODVILLE.

"Unhappy," said the sage, "is the nation whose King is a child." However that may be, the reverence of the sovereign power vested in the individual is irrespective of the age of the monarch, and the same ceremonious veneration is paid to the person of the King when he is very young as would be accorded to a grown man. In most cases the accessories of sovereignty have awakened in child monarchs an almost pathetic sense of dignity, although in the case of James I. it was rather an odd and unchildlike wisdom, for he was never at any time majestic. The subject of our illustration belongs, of course, to a later period. It will be remembered that both Louis XIV. and Louis XV. came to the throne at the age of five.

# THE WAY OF THE WORLD

PHOTOGRAPHS BY COLONEL HARVEST, WARD.

# IN CAMERA PICTURES.

ILLUSTRATIONS BUREAU, AND HALFTONES.



TO CHECK  
CABBY:  
THE FIRST  
TAXIMETER  
IN LONDON  
FITTED TO  
ONE OF THE  
OPPERMANN  
CARS.



THE ENGLISH BURIAL-GROUND IN JUAN FERNANDEZ: H.M.S. "WARSPITE" AT ANCHOR.



CUMBERLAND BAY, JUAN FERNANDEZ

## THE REPORTED DISAPPEARANCE OF JUAN FERNANDEZ, ROBINSON CRUSOE'S ISLAND.

The second of our two photographs of Juan Fernandez shows the Chilian settlement where a peculiar species of lobster is tinned. In recent years the island has been used as a Chilian penal settlement. Last week we illustrated the monument to Alexander Selkirk, the original Robinson Crusoe. Selkirk was a native of Largo, in Fifeshire. He was landed on Juan Fernandez from the "Cinque Ports" galley in 1704, and after living in complete solitude was taken off in the "Duke" privateer, February 12, 1709.



THE LORD MAYOR INITIATED AS A-DRUID.



THE EISTEDDFOD AT-CARNARVON CASTLE.

## THE GREAT WELSH SONG FESTIVAL: THE EISTEDDFOD OF 1906 AT CARNARVON.

Since last year's Eisteddfod the Arch-Druid Hwfa Mon has died, and the proceedings this year opened with the election of his successor. Dyfed, a South Wales bard, was chosen Arch-Druid. The Lord Mayor of London, Sir Walter Vaughan Morgan, had an honorary degree conferred upon him, with the bardic title of "Glan Gwy." With the Lord Mayor were Sheriff Sir T. V. Bowater and Sheriff Sir H. G. Smallman.



A HUGE COAL TREE (WELLINGTONIA GIGANTEA) IN A BERLIN MUSEUM.

The huge tree discovered in a coal-mine in the Brandenburg province has been brought to the Mark Museum in Berlin. In order that it may be transported into the interior of the Museum it has been sawn in two. It will afterwards be put together again.



THE KING'S CURE: HIS MAJESTY AT MARIENBAD.

With the King are Sir Stanley Clarke and Major Ponsonby. This year, owing to the request of the authorities, his Majesty has been less teased by curious crowds. A special path from the hotel to the Kreuzbrunnen has been reserved for his Majesty when he goes to take the waters.



## THE NEW LONDON: GREAT BUILDINGS OF THE PRESENT AND THE FUTURE.

DRAWN BY W. RUSSELL FLINT.

The Londoner who returns to the Metropolis after an absence of a dozen years finds himself in a new city. Of the remarkable series of buildings here illustrated the Central Criminal Court and the Victoria and Albert Museum and the War Office are approaching completion. The Piccadilly Hotel, on the site of the old St. James's Hall, has hardly begun to rise above the ground. The new buildings of the Victoria and Albert Museum at South Kensington were designed by Mr. Aston Webb. Their cost is £800,000. Queen Victoria laid the foundation-stone on May 17, 1899. Mr. Aston Webb is also the architect of the Queen Victoria Memorial opposite Buckingham Palace. The central statue will be by Mr. Brock. The date of completion of this work is still problematic. The New

Central Criminal Court, on the site of old Newgate and the Old Bailey, was designed by Mr. E. W. Mountford. It has cost £225,000, and there is an additional £3000 for sculpture. The new front of the Victoria Station is by the Brighton Company's own Engineer. The new Kew Bridge, opened by the King on May 20, 1903, took three years to build. It is the successor of the bridges of 1759 and of 1789. The New Gaiety Theatre, by Mr. Runtz, was opened in October 1903. The Waldorf Theatre, another of the new Aldwych houses, was designed by Mr. W. G. R. Sprague, and was opened in the summer of 1905. In the new War Office, in Whitehall, by Mr. W. Young, the whole of the material, except the marble, is British. Vauxhall Bridge, lately completed, is the youngest of London's thirteen bridges.



### SUMMER REVELS IN ROME: A BACCHANALIAN FESTIVAL

FROM A PAINTING BY W. KOTARBINSKI.

The rites of Bacchus were said to have been introduced into Etruria by a Greek priest. From Etruria they found their way to Rome, where at first they seem to have been innocent enough. About the year 186 B.C. the festivals were attended with such excesses that the authorities put them down. After that date anyone who wished to celebrate Bacchic rites had to obtain from the Prætor Urbanus a permit confirmed by a vote of the Senate.

# A PICTORIAL MUSEUM

PHOTOGRAPHS BY PHOTO-NOUVELLES,

# OF CURIOUS SUBJECTS.

BY BANKS, AND BY THE TOPICAL PRESS.



AN  
ANIMAL  
SHERLOCK  
HOLMES:  
THE HYÆNA  
EMPLOYED  
TO TRACK  
THE ABBÉ  
DELARUE'S  
REMAINS.



PROFESSIONAL PRIDE: THE FAKIR RAMANAH EXPLAINING THE SUPERIORITY OF HIS SYSTEM TO THAT OF DEVAH.



DEVAH SEEKING INSPIRATION BY PUTTING PEBBLES AND GRASS TO HIS LIPS.

## A HYÆNA AND INDIAN MYSTICS AS DETECTIVES: TRACING THE MYSTERY OF THE ABBÉ DELARUE'S DISAPPEARANCE.

Some time ago the Abbé Delarue, of Chatenay, disappeared while on a bicycle ride, and as the French police are baffled, the newspapers have been employing weird methods to find some solution of the mystery. One of the detectives is a hyæna, which, it is argued, will dig up any remains. The newspapers are also employing two Indian fakirs, Devah and Ramanah, who claim to possess mysterious powers of divining. Devah picks up grass and earth, and, pressing these to his lips, says he receives inspiration. Ramanah bases his system on astrology. The rival fakir have become so heated in their antagonism that they have resorted to much violent language and even to pulling each other's hair. Devah fled, and Ramanah had to be cooled by a canful of water poured over him by a benevolent spectator.



A VANISHING RELIC OF PETER THE GREAT IN LONDON:  
THE BUCKINGHAM STREET HOUSE.

The house at the right-hand corner at the foot of Buckingham Street, overlooking the water-gate, was occupied by Peter the Great during his residence in London. It is soon to be pulled down. At the opposite corner is the house of Samuel Pepys.



A DOOMED MANCHESTER CHURCH: ST. PETER'S.  
SHORTLY TO BE DEMOLISHED.

Last Sunday the last sermon was preached in St. Peter's Church, St. Peter's Square, Manchester. It is one of the churches that date from the eighteenth century. The greater number of the Manchester churches were built in the nineteenth century.



GAS FOR THE POLE BALLOON: WELLMAN'S GAS-GENERATING PLANT AT SPITZBERGEN.



THE SPOT WHERE ANDRÉE STARTED: THE WELLMAN SETTLEMENT AT SPITZBERGEN.

## TO THE POLE BY BALLOON AND MOTOR-SLEDGE: MR. WELLMAN'S ATTEMPT ABANDONED THIS YEAR.

Owing to the lateness of the season and to several mishaps to his apparatus, Mr. Walter Wellman will not attempt to reach the Pole this year. He has already established his base of operations, which is quite a small township, at Spitzbergen, on the spot where Andrée started on his ill-fated voyage. In the second photograph appears the expedition-ship, the "Fridjof"; to the left is the air-ship covered with tarpaulin.

## IN VARIOUS KEYS.

"THE Eglamore Portraits" (Methuen) is a study of the passing of bride and bridegroom through "the picturesque gateway of marriage, to enter upon the homelands of domesticity." With much charming humour Mrs. Mary E. Mann describes the friction between two people who always love each other very dearly, yet of each other's mind have everything to learn. "The same sun that saw Juliet on her husband's knee, her lips now lightly brushing his throat, now breathing at his ear the fact that she adored him, that no girl on earth had ever possessed such a perfect husband as he, saw her facing him with angry sobs, declaring, had she ever guessed what a hard ferocious monster he was, wild horses could never have dragged her to marry him." An unwise mother-in-law and the portraits themselves, portraits of the parents of Juliet's husband, are the chief causes of strife. They give rise to a situation which the author handles as delightfully as she has invented it. Death overtakes Juliet's mother as she travels alone with her daughter, both husband and son-in-law estranged by her arrogance; but the portraits, which Juliet had sit from side to side, laying them at Clarence's feet with the remark, "You have behaved abominably to my parents; I wish to show you what I think of yours," get excellently restored, and in the last pages, where tenderness and truth shine out after the storm, Juliet says, "I pulled them down; let me hang them up." So, while he stood by, his arm about her knees to steady her on the chair, Juliet hung the Eglamore Portraits once more in their original positions.

Anyone desiring to read a clever novel of New England rustic life may be recommended to take up Miss Margery Williams's "The Bar" (Methuen). The people of a seaside village in New Jersey are here presented in an engaging aspect, and the author shows exceptional skill in portraying the characters of several young girls. But she might with advantage take her readers more into her confidence. The book is a continuous tangle of riddles, and though we fancy we have guessed most of them, we should be sorry to have to offer a detailed explanation in this hot weather. A mysterious young man enters the village in the first chapter, and plays havoc with the peace of mind of several inhabitants. Hearing a romantic story about certain events that occurred in it twenty-five years earlier, he boldly fits himself into the drama (having reasons for concealing his identity), and finds later on that he has been unwittingly telling the truth about his origin. But how he came to be where he was, and what exactly he had done, and why he did it, are matters revealed to us only by the most elusive hints. If the author had let him survive, we cannot imagine what she would have done with him!

There is a pleasant old-fashioned flavour about Mr. John Randal's "The Sweetest Solace" (Hurst and Blackett), which introduces us to the society of a cathedral town. Two orphan sisters, ignorant of their family history, come back from Australia to settle in Whitborough, where the elder finds a post as schoolmistress. She has some reason to believe that her father had been a native of the place, and that there was a mystery in his life, and perhaps the reader will be quicker than the heroine to surmise the truth and fill in the details. But there are two pretty love-stories, and we meet a delightful old lady, of a type which some of us have been fortunate enough to know in real life, who is, as it were, a benevolent dictator, standing between the town in which she lives and "the county," to which by birth and tradition she belongs. We have a somewhat conventional wicked aristocrat, who is hardly as lifelike as his nephew, a conscientious young peer; and the other leading residents of Whitborough are cleverly sketched. But Mr. Randal's men tend to be either prigs or scoundrels, while his women show real individuality.

In "The Eagles" (Ward, Lock) Mr. Paul Urquhart tells a brisk and very up-to-date story of international romance. His hero is a young English diplomat (allowed remarkable latitude by his chiefs), who starts by being condemned to death by an Anarchist society in Paris, into whose conclave he has intruded for fun. He escapes from this predicament only to find himself committed to looking after a beautiful Russian Countess engaged in her country's Secret Service, and this affair involves him in surprising adventures in Germany. When the scene moves to Russia we have the inevitable paraphernalia of Secret Police, forged documents, political exile, explosions, and the like. Our foolhardy hero falls out of several uncomfortable frying-pans into unpleasantly hot fires, being marked down for destruction alike by the Revolutionaries and the Head of the Secret Police, who sees in him a rival in a love-affair. As is so often the case in novels of this kind, we cannot quite understand the fascination which the hero exercises over women of diverse temperaments. Nor is the lady spy quite convincing. Mr. Urquhart unwarrantably brings on his stage two actual Emperors, but he treats them with less disrespect than the average political novelist. The book will amuse and not overtax the wearied brain of the holiday-maker.

Mr. Harold Bindloss's English men and women are usually placed where they are obliged to take up the white man's burden, and in "Beneath Her Station" (F. V. White) they go through many perils for the credit of their colour. The scene lies in West Africa, and a swinging drama of love and intrigue, black conspiracy and white domination, goes forward in a tropical atmosphere that is vividly presented by the author's sharp-edged knack of description. One essential for such a novel of action, it seems to us, is that the actors should be normal, not superhuman; the unblemished

hero is too often a sadly unconvincing person. Here it is that Mr. Bindloss excels. Nobody can accuse Weland, the gin-trader, of being a plaster saint; and even Leslie Ormond, the ascetic missionary, has the inner weakness that, fought and overcome on the steps of the altar, makes not only a martyr, but a man of him. These two, so far apart in their lives, are both staunch Imperialists, and another, less obvious, is Addy Konnoto, the work-girl who marries an African Prince and helps to save a colony. Poor Addy suffers the ordeal by fire at an official dinner-party, and there are reasons why she might have been forgiven if her remembrances of the treatment meted out to her then had made her vindictive. We are given to understand that Konnoto was a bearable husband until he succumbed to the influences of old heathen Kwaka and the Juju men; but this is a point on which we prefer to remain sceptical. Tommy Ormond, the lieutenant in charge of the native police, a cheerful, practical person, who is generally where he is wanted at the right time, is a capital character, to be commended to the notice of anyone who wants a side-light upon British administration in the dark places of the earth.

We have no sympathy with the super-sensitive people who protest that books of "The Battle of Dorking" class should not be published lest the feelings of foreign nations be hurt. German writers have no hesitation in discussing imaginary invasions of England, and, provided that an honest attempt is made to forecast the course of war, and the enemy are not represented as mere bloodthirsty monsters, it is difficult to see why anyone need object. But Mr. Le Queux, in "The Invasion of 1910" (Nash), hardly shows a strategical power commensurate with his patriotic intentions. He postulates that the Germans should be able in times of peace to seize Antwerp and collect a huge flotilla of transports in the North Sea ports without exciting suspicion, and should make a successful dash for the East Coast of England and land a quarter of a million men while our fleet is out of the way. But he shirks the task of explaining how this could be done; and thus his book will do nothing to



THE AUTHOR OF "THE EGLAMORE PORTRAITS":

MRS. MARY E. MANN.

Portrait lent by Messrs. Methuen.

convince people who hold that invasion is impossible and universal training therefore unnecessary. However, having landed his Germans, he proceeds up to a certain point with sound judgment. We believe that he does not in the least exaggerate the national panic and disorganisation which would follow such an invasion, or the inadequacy of the resistance which our small trained forces could offer. The enemy take Sheffield, Manchester, and Birmingham, while their main force fights its way through Essex, carries the hastily extemporised lines of defence to the North of London, and has the capital at its mercy. But at this point common-sense gives out.

Heine tells the story somewhere of one Hedwig, who loving him, entreated that he should not bathe in the Rhine when heated with walking or wine. He came on her one day praying before a Madonna, whose tinsel glittered in the dim lamplight, "O let him not climb, or bathe, or drink!" Hedwig's prayer might be echoed when one hears of others making the trip—Mrs. Shelley, or J. K. Jerome, or Mr. Baring Gould. For Mr. Baring Gould has written "A Book of the Rhine" (Methuen), in which he has succeeded in being as dull as he is informing. Why is it that a careful compilation of legends with connecting remarks upon the Apostle's church as being "an admirable example of the Romanesque," or the castle of Rheinfels as exhibiting "the most extensive ruin on the Rhine," fails to create the atmosphere that Heine evoked when he only recalled his meal "of green parsley soup and violet cabbage"? If, as might be suspected, most tourists are sent up the Rhine by their doctors "in order to avoid all intellectual excitement," it has known one brilliant exception who loved all rivers, and the Rhine above all. For the thinker who is conversant with history, that is, for Victor Hugo, it is a wonderful stream haunted by the two great eagles of France and Rome, on whose shores our modern world took mediæval birth with the casting of cannon and printing of books; the stream of war and thought, along whose surface float, not legends, but ideas. For those who travel seriously, preferring legends to ideas, Mr. Gould's book will prove a solid companion, always reliable, innocent of moods. The coloured illustrations do not do justice to the book, to say nothing of the Rhine.

## TRAVELLERS' TESTAMENTS.

ONLY those whose lot it has been to compare the impressions of special correspondents with the knowledge of residents can realise how rare it is to find a well-written book upon Indian affairs inspired by common-sense. But Mr. Sidney Low's "A Vision of India, as Seen during the Tour of the Prince and Princess of Wales" (Smith, Elder) is in marked contrast to the kind of work that is apparently expected from, and certainly produced by, the ordinary book-making tourist. It is wonderfully comprehensive, but the author does not suppose that he has mastered in a few weeks problems of administration which demand more than the study of a single life-time. He can and does write very good descriptions of places, and if only books of this class could be put into the hands of the young, the Sovereign people of these islands might in a few decades begin to be sure on which side of India Bombay lies, and on which side Calcutta. But he has succeeded in getting below the surface. Naturally the passing visitor can talk freely with only those natives who speak and understand English, but Mr. Low realises that the opinions of a handful of well-to-do merchants and professional men in one or two cities do not represent the views of the millions of peasants who inhabit India. At the same time these opinions are often interesting, and no one can say with confidence how far, in course of time, they may influence the masses. Our rule has deposed the fighting races from their supremacy, and has created new standards of eminence. "Sounds, not arms, shall win the prize," and the clever Bengali is given official appointments, while the Sikh remains a small farmer, and the Muhammadan nobleman finds small chance of distinction. Mr. Low, in his description of the Anglo-Muhammadan College at Aligarh, and his brilliant sketch of the typical Maharajah, draws attention to the position under British rule of the people who once ruled India, and now find some difficulty in adjusting themselves to new conditions. He says frankly that our system of education has been on wrong lines: we fill the minds of the boys with Milton and Burke, while we compel them to live under a strict bureaucracy. The ideals of seventeenth-century England contrast sharply with the facts of twentieth-century India. Mr. Low met a Hindu man of business who looked with some contempt on the British as the people whose odd nature led them to do the disagreeable work of policing the country, for small rewards, while the able native was left free to amass money in commerce. But this unexpected attitude would be found only among a few commercial magnates, and the educated Hindu generally desires political power. We do not stand quite where we did: "Much of the mystery which used to surround us has been stripped away. Our home life, our politics, our faction struggles, our social questions, are examined with keenly inquisitive glances by many intelligent natives." The book is remarkably accurate, but Mr. Low makes a slip when he writes that the greater Native States are under the direct authority of the India Office. He must mean the Foreign Department of the Government of India, for the Viceroy exercises full control over all the Native States, and no Maharajah has direct access to his Majesty's Government.

A remarkable feature in recent books about North-Western Rhodesia (Lewanika's kingdom) has been the incontrovertible evidence that there is still a steady slave-traffic between the debateable regions on the confines of British, Portuguese, and Congo Free State territories, and Portuguese West Africa. Mr. H. W. Nevinson in his painfully interesting book, "A Modern Slavery" (Harpers), approaches the subject from, geographically speaking, the other end. He travelled in Angola in 1904 and 1905, and studied the system under which gangs of slaves are brought down from the interior, registered as free labourers at Portuguese ports, and shipped to the islands of San Thomé and Principe in the Gulf of Guinea. He was unable to penetrate to the actual scene of the slave-raiding, which occurs chiefly in the disputed region handed over to Portugal by the King of Italy's award last year, but never effectively occupied by any European Power. But he travelled along the recognised slave-routes, watched the embarkation of labourers, and visited the beautiful islands with pestilential climates, from which the imported labourers never return. His narrative is absolutely convincing, and he resists the temptation to write sensationally. The whole abominable system is carried on under cover of legality. There is no such thing as slavery in the Portuguese possessions. The labourers are brought down to the coast by recruiting agents, sign contracts to go the islands, go there—and remain. They ought to be repatriated, and are not, but in all other respects the laws seem to be observed in the letter. Yet these poor wretches have all been kidnapped or sold by their neighbours in the interior; they have no option but to accept tacitly the conditions put before them at the ports in unintelligible language; and though on the island plantations they are paid wages (which they can spend only in the stores kept by the planters), there is no terminological inexactitude involved in calling them slaves for life. Their relative comfort depends entirely on the individual planter's caprice. The thing is done because cocoa is very profitable, and really free labour cannot be procured in San Thomé and Principe. It is hard to see any remedy except drastic changes in the spirit and personnel of Portuguese administration, for the Portuguese laws are, on paper, unexceptionable. Certainly Mr. Nevinson will do no good by his hysterical appeal to sentiment in the United States, which he affects to regard as more righteous than the Creator, and therefore naturally describes as having "a record still clean compared to England's." America has her own weak points in her dealing with coloured races. A hundred years ago abolitionists in England refused to eat slave-grown sugar. Why does not Mr. Nevinson appeal to the influential traders to use discrimination as to the sources of supply instead of dragging in Irish Home Rule and the Boer War?

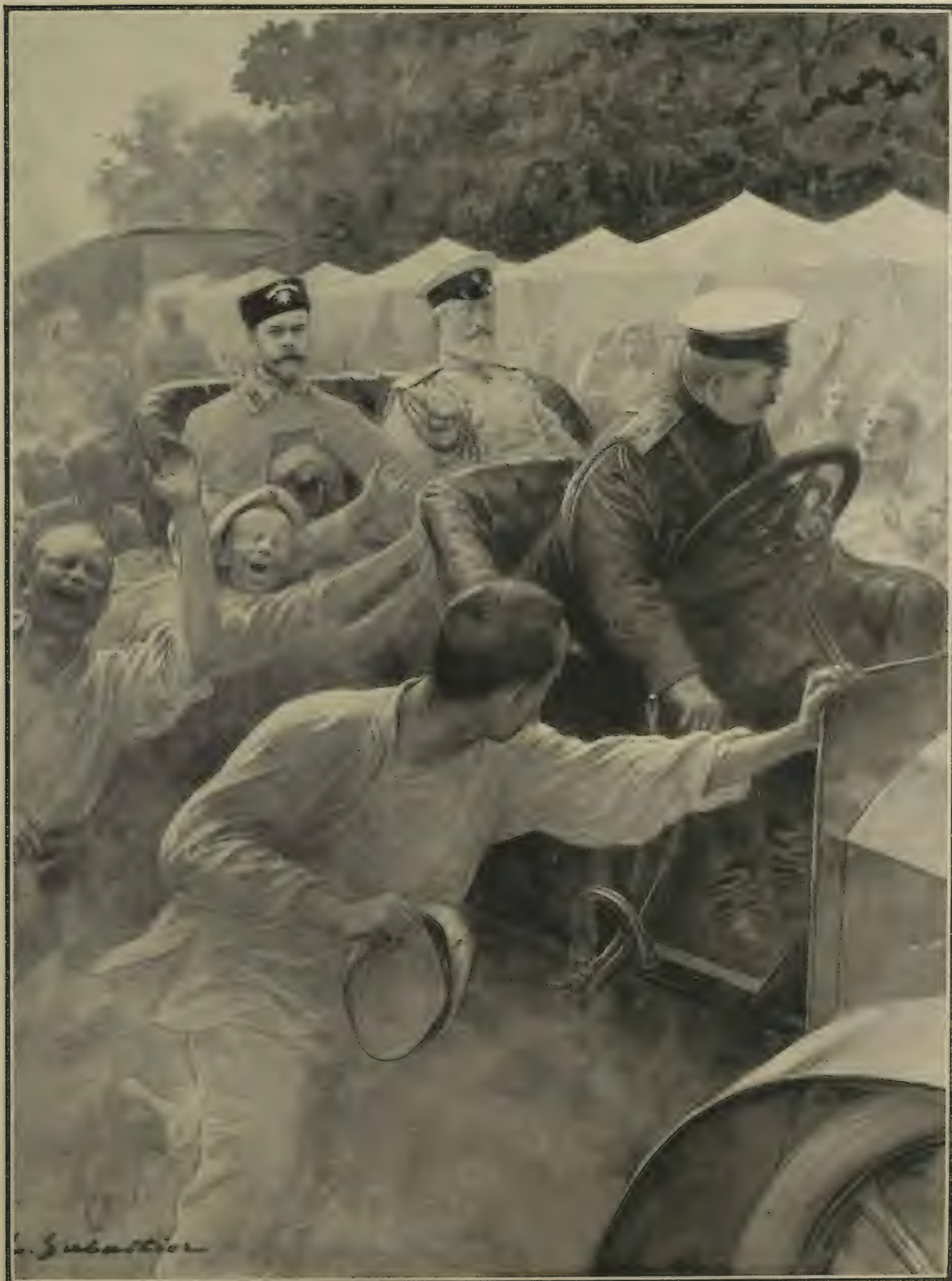
## THE TSAR AS MOTORIST: A LOYAL DEMONSTRATION.

DRAWN BY L. SABATTIER FROM A SKETCH BY THE RUSSIAN PAINTER, H. BAKMANSSON.

Tsar.

Grand Duke Nicholas.

Prince Orloff.



### ACCLAIMED BY HIS SOLDIERS: THE TSAR MOTORING THROUGH THE CAMP OF THE RIFLEMEN OF THE GUARD.

The Tsar recently visited the camp of the Riflemen of the Guard. He arrived at eleven at night, but in the clear Northern summer there was sufficient light for our picture. His Majesty drove in his motor-car, and was accompanied by the Grand Duke Nicholas Nicolaievitch and Prince Orloff, who was at the wheel. The troops, roused from their beds by the hurrahs of the sentinels, rushed from their tents without taking time to put on their uniforms, and gave the Tsar an ovation as they ran beside the car. The Empress and the Dowager-Empress followed in a second motor. The Emperor, who was delighted with his reception, promised that he would pay another visit to the camp.

# A VICAR HIS OWN ARCHITECT, SCULPTOR, MASON, AND LABOURER.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY NEWMAN.



A CORBEL IN THE CHANCEL.

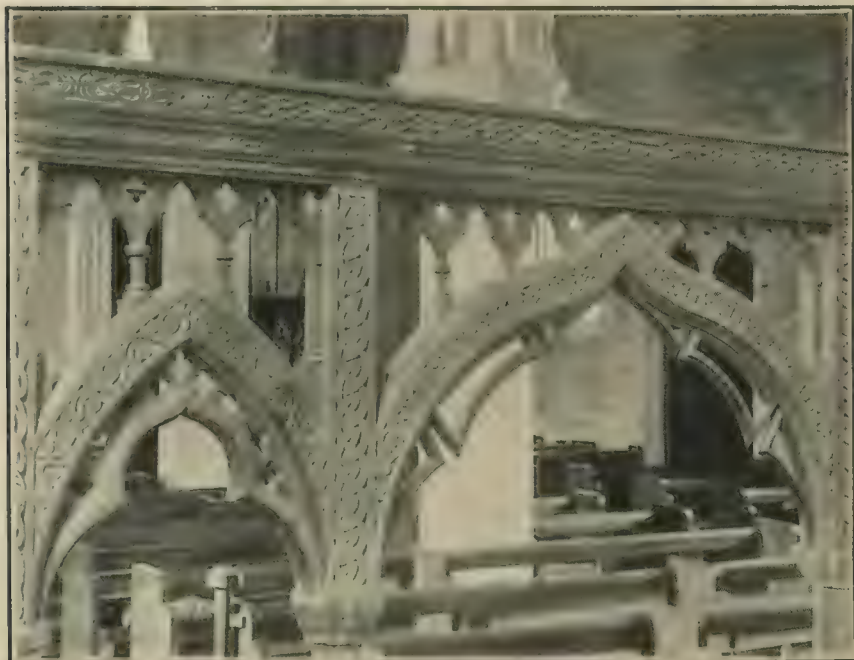


A CORBEL BY MR. RAGG.

SOME time ago, we gave pictures of an East-End church which had been decorated by the incumbent. Far more elaborate are the decorations and restorations of Marsworth Church, Herts., which have been executed during the past twenty-six years by the Vicar, the Rev. F. W. Ragg.



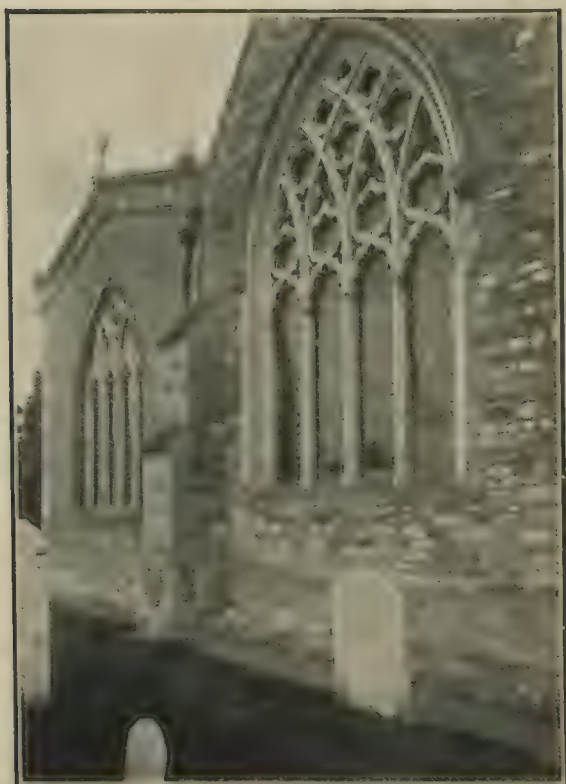
ANOTHER OF THE VICAR'S CORBELS.



AN OAK SCREEN DESIGNED BY MR. RAGG AND CARVED BY HIS WIFE.



ALL SAINTS CHURCH, MARSWORTH, RESTORED BY THE VICAR.



THE EXTERIOR OF THE EAST WINDOW IN THE CHANCEL.

Mr. Ragg, who had to be his own architect, builder, mason, labourer, and sculptor, began with no practical knowledge of these arts and handicrafts, but he has produced wonderful results. The chancel, the corbels, the buttresses, the oak screens, testify to his skill and that of his wife, who has assisted her husband in this labour of love.



THE REV. F. W. RAGG, RESTORER OF HIS OWN CHURCH.



THE MOSAIC REREDOS BY MR. AND MRS. RAGG.

The pictures are representative of the decorations, but they by no means exhaust the subject, for much fine work on buttress, wall, and pillar is hidden in places where it is impossible to take photographs. Mrs. Ragg carved the oak screen from the Vicar's designs, and she also assisted him in making the mosaics of the reredos. These mosaics were brought from Italy by Lady Merion Alford. Mr. Ragg has just resigned his charge, as he is no longer equal to the strain of parish work.

# THE SECRET OF SUCCESS.

"NOTHING succeeds like success" is something more than a proverb; it is a truism, and its logic is indisputable. To the individual competitor in life's race a good start is half the victory won. Once rise from the ruck, make a name, achieve an enviable reputation, and—presto!—every obstacle on the road to fortune, if not entirely levelled, is found easy to surmount. Without doubt you will find followers in your footsteps profiting by your example and striving to outstrip you in the race, but this shall only spur you on to increased effort.

And so it is with every public enterprise, be it political, professional or commercial. Let the concern in the first instance be started on a good sound basis, its promoters be men experienced in the ways of the world, and, with special reference to the scheme on foot, possessing thorough knowledge not only of what the world wants, but how to meet that want by methods nearer approaching perfection than any hitherto adopted, and the result is—success.

But in this electric age of keen competition and ruthless rivalry, when science and art seem to outstride themselves, annulling or rendering obsolete to-day their own wondrous works of yesterday; when wealth accumulates so vastly that millionaires may soon be numbered by the million, and money has ceased to be an object where luxury in its very essence is in view and attainable at a price—in such an age neither individuals nor company directors and managers can afford to rest on their oars; they must be ever watchful and ready for another spurt, or they will soon find themselves left lengths behind. The race for the championship in any event is a never-ending one; 'twill last till Doomsday.

Such, doubtless, are the reasonings that have always guided the Directorate of that vast commercial enterprise, The Savoy Hotel and Restaurant, over whose portals the word success might be emblazoned in characters of untarnishable gold.

The Savoy, as all the world knows, came to astound the people of twenty years ago by the mighty revolution it created in the entire régime of hotel business. Its schemers and promoters (chief of whom being the late Mr. R. D'Oyly Carte) were men who had travelled the wide world through and made notes of their experiences of hotel life in all lands. Possessed of artistic taste, combined with commercial instinct, they recognised the possibilities and desirabilities of introducing into hotel accommodation the refined comforts and luxuries of home, the lack of which had hitherto made the hosteleries of England places generally to be avoided. They further foresaw the solution of that increasingly vexatious problem, domestic service, especially as regards the culinary department; and so, in short, it came to pass that the Savoy Hotel and Restaurant was established.

The Savoy made a brilliant start. Its success was phenomenal; ere a season was out it had become world-renowned. In every province of every country throughout the world, regardless of the *raison d'être* of title which the Thames-side palace possessed by right

because those responsible for its *ménagé* have never fallen asleep beneath their laurels; they have always kept on the *qui vive* to note the slightest change in the tastes of the time. They have made it their ruling principle to feel the public pulse, to discover, even to anticipate,

precisely what people want, and forthwith supply that want. Moreover, they have been ever willing to listen to and deliberate on the unprejudiced opinions and suggestions of outside experts and connoisseurs especially as regards the physical economies. To attain and maintain perfection in cuisine has been their daily care, to cellar none but the finest wines and stock the choicest cigars their unalterable rule. Under a most experienced, able, and ever-courteous general manager, assisted by worthy lieutenants, the working staff is carefully selected and kept in perfect discipline. Then, amongst the minor details which add to the attractions of this palace of luxury may be named the never-fading wealth of flowers everywhere, and the delightful music of the Neapolitan Band, with other trifles—trifling perhaps in themselves, but, taken altogether, conducive to the one great aim and object achieved—success.

When, about two years ago, the extension and alterations of the Savoy premises were completed at a cost of a million pounds sterling, it could hardly have entered the imagination that further improvement in the accommodation could ever be possible or necessary. Recently, however, a suggestion reached the Board of Directors that the main salon of the Restaurant appeared to have become somewhat dwarfed and dimmed by contrast to the beautifully proportioned, lustrously lit and delicately decorated new Foyer adjoining. The ceiling, it was thought, was too heavy and too close to the heads of the guests at table, thus creating a sense of oppression. The question was at once considered; the opinion of experts invited; and, after much serious debate, it was resolved that as soon as the season ended the suggested alterations should be put in hand. And now, after a period of less than a month in the contractor's hands, a marvellous transformation has taken place. The ceiling has, by an exceedingly ingenious device, been raised, the walls charmingly



of historic site, offspring Savoy's one after another came into being; a splendid compliment and testimony, no doubt, to the virtues of their English namesake.

Then, as a matter of course, other palatial caravanserais arose in London, each one in turn to be described as "The last word in *Hotels de Luxe*." Absurd! as if 'twere likely that the last word would ever be spoken with so many mighty rival orators in the public forum, each eager to outwit the other with something more eloquent than is signified by the phrase "*de Luxe*." each determined, if possible, to excel that which had hitherto been thought perfection.

But despite its many rivals, the Savoy, ever since the day of its inception to the present time, has held its own and must continue to do so. Why? Unquestionably

relieved in tone to harmonise with their surroundings, and to the whole place a very appreciable increase of space and atmosphere imparted. Possibly many to whom familiarity has endeared the more subdued features of the noble room may, at first view, take exception to the alteration; in a spirit of conservatism they may regret the change, but in the end it can hardly be doubted that everyone will applaud the managerial acumen that has added another attraction to the Savoy Restaurant. Probably the enthusiastic critic will again venture to protest that the last word in *Restaurants de Luxe* has now been uttered—to which may, not unreasonably, be affixed a big note of interrogation—? Anyway the Savoy seems determined to say the latest word.—C. B.

## LADIES' PAGE.

IT must be a great interest to the Queen to visit her youngest daughter as a Sovereign's Consort. Nothing seemed less probable, almost one might say more impossible, when Princess Maud married her Danish cousin than that they should ever ascend a throne; but in royal as well as in less exalted station, Destiny holds in her store strange surprises. The gift made by an English subscription to the Queen of Norway has recently been decided upon, and has taken the form of silver for the table, with two magnificent silver-gilt vases that once belonged to the Duke of Cambridge for the central item. Her Majesty's present to her daughter and son-in-law on their Coronation was also of the utilitarian order, consisting of a large service of English china, adorned with the crown and monogram of the young Sovereigns. The crown possessions of Norway and Sweden naturally went with the King of Sweden when the division took place, and King Haakon and Queen Maud have to make, instead of inheriting, a collection of State treasures for regal uses. Queen Maud is the most like our Queen of all her daughters, and I hear that the Norwegians consider her most graceful and pleasing, and that she is becoming as popular in their midst as her gracious mother is here.

In days to come, this year will be noted for the remarkable number of Princely births that have taken place in it. Every mother will be sympathetically sorry for the Queen of Holland that she has not been able to have the same sort of happiness that the Crown Princess of Germany, the Duchess of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha, and several minor Princesses have secured this year—that of welcoming her heir. The new little Prince of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha is the more welcome as he is the first heir to the ducal throne to be born in the country for nearly a century. The present Duke, as the posthumous son of our Duke of Albany, was born in England, and so was his predecessor, Queen Victoria's son, Prince Alfred, the Duke of Edinburgh. The last named succeeded his uncle, the brother of the Prince Consort, Duke Ernest, who was childless, in which event the succession in Coburg and Gotha of the second son of the marriage of Prince Albert to the Queen of England was arranged for



A DAINY TEA-GOWN.

Made in mousseline-de-soie, this graceful gown is finished with stole ends and other trimmings of lace, through which is run narrow velvet ribbon in harmonising colour, which also forms the bows. Buckles at the bosom.

by her late Majesty's wedding contract. Duke Ernest, born in 1816, was thus the last Prince of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha whose Duchy was also his native land.

When the London County Council open new swimming accommodation at the public expense, it is customary now for the authorities to recognise that women help to pay for such matters and ought to be considered in the use of them, though, perhaps, only to the small extent of one day a week. The new bathing-lake on Tooting Common is to follow the precedent set in this respect at Hampstead Ponds; Tooting is to be reserved for ladies on Tuesdays. There is always the objection to be heard that comparatively few ladies avail themselves of such concessions, and those who seek to have these benefits maintained may regard it as a duty to take

advantage of the opportunity while it exists as often as convenient. At the same time, no real test of the number of women who want to bathe can be afforded by contrasting the number who go on a fixed day once weekly with the number of men who go on the remaining five days of the week, for it is often impossible for individuals to go on the solitary occasion thus afforded, while if every day had been available the possibility would have occurred. There is a petition to the County Council being organised asking that body to allow mixed bathing at Tooting one day in the week at least. To this there can be little objection, provided that it be understood that on that day men who go to bathe must be provided with the proper costume without which no French bather would for a moment think of putting in an appearance in public. We have copied at many of our seaside places the French system of mixed bathing without perceiving the necessity of simultaneously adopting the French regulations and customs that make their habits seemly. We are a funny people about such matters.

Miss Agnes Maitland, the Principal of Somerville College, Oxford, who has just died at the age of fifty-six, was a proof of the ability of a highly trained brain to understand domestic economy, for she had written several cookery-books and acted for some years as Inspector of the Domestic Economy Classes of the Liverpool School Board; while at the same time she was thoroughly in sympathy with the University education of women that "Somerville" supplies. This is the undenominational women's college at Oxford; the others are based on Church of England principles. Under Miss Maitland "Somerville" has made steady and constant progress. There is really something very foolish about the notion that there is antagonism between the high cultivation of the brain and ability to manage domestic economy. On the contrary, intellect is needed for good housekeeping, and it is the lack of intellectual development that makes too many women bad cooks and poor housewives. To be capable of understanding reasons and to remember facts well—brain capacity, that is to say—is the equipment alike of a good housekeeper and cook and of a good classical scholar or scientific student. As John Stuart Mill puts it—"It takes brains to acquire practical experience, and brains without practical experience will go farther and do better than practical experience without brains," Miss Maitland was a happy example of the great mind that can be turned with equal success to the widest and the most homely topics.

Mrs. Alicia Needham, the composer of so many charming songs, is the first lady to be invited to be one of the Presidents of the great Welsh Musical Festival, the Eisteddfod. She was already a formally appointed "Bardess." Mrs. Needham, who is a gentle-mannered and uncommon-looking woman, is Scotch by descent but Irish by birth, and so the Welsh entitled her for her bardic name "The Harp of Ireland." Another recent honour awarded to a woman for her achievements is the election by the Royal Astronomical Society of Mrs. Fleming to be a member of that learned body. Mrs. Fleming is a Scotchwoman, but she has held for several years an important position in Harvard University, Boston, U.S.A. People who do not understand astronomy may not know that the modern method of finding new stars is by photography. Miss Caroline Herschel, who discovered many new planets in the last century, did so by sitting for hours watching the skies, "sweeping" them, as it was called, through her telescope. The present plan is to put the sensitive plate of the camera to catch and record the passing gleam, but then, of course, only instructed study can recognise if any recorded star is one that was previously unknown. This has been Mrs. Fleming's particular work; and the salaried appointment that she holds at Harvard is that of curator or librarian of the astronomical photographic plates. Harvard University authorities also mention that Miss Henrietta Leavitt has discovered twenty-five new variable stars in her recent examination of photographic plates. The camera, it should be understood, records—sees, as it were—an enormous number of stars that even the strongest telescope fails to reveal to the human eye, and shows portions of the heavens that had been thought to be blank to be in reality crowded with worlds. How the mind reels before the immensities! There have already been many distinguished women students of this great subject since Caroline Herschel—Lady Huggins in England, Maria Mitchell in America, Miss Klumke at the Paris Observatory, and others.

Basques are making much show on the autumn early models, and will be worn in varying lengths both in the cloth and tweed of the tailor-made persuasion of gown, and in the lighter fabrics from which afternoon dress is built. The basque may just turn the waist or may reach the knee, or come to any point between those two. For a slender figure, a jaunty basque of six inches deep is smart. Lace coats, whether of the sac order or caught in under a belt at the waist, have been much used as tea-jackets, and the idea will now be extended. Worn over a plain skirt, a face-cloth or a plain taffetas one, for example, a blouse of a fancy or striped silk with a basque has a chic effect. A basque needs careful cutting to avoid clumsiness, and it is usually best not to let it close in the front below the waist, but to cut it away more or less over the skirt. For the tailor frocks the fitting coat with a rather long basque will be the smartest, but the long-enduring bolero has by no means passed out of favour. The fur coats are many of them quite short, only just turning the waist, and this does not look pretty with a long-tailed coat, so it is evident that the fur-designers expect short-corsages still to be worn. In fact, the popularity of the corselet type of gown renders it inevitable that the coat should harmonise.

For early autumn, the period of the year when the weather is too cold to allow of venturing out without any wrap, and yet it is not necessary to overburden oneself with a great-coat or mantle, there will be a large supply of pelerines. These useful and smart little garments fit into the waist-line both at the back and the front of the figure; but the sleeve is either only simulated in the form of a drapery in the cutting or it is a sort of full flounce over the shoulder. These little garments are the usual accompaniment of full sleeves, such as will prevail in the dresses of the near future; the pelerine



A GOWN FOR THE MOORS.

This is a dress for hard wear, built in a firm tweed of check pattern, and faced up and trimmed with leather. The vest is of plain cloth, and it is cut out into tabs, showing the check tie's ends between them.

slips on and off easily, since under the arm there is nothing to catch the dress-sleeve; and in wear it falls gracefully over the fullness of the sleeve beneath it without damaging it by crushing. The bolero will take on this form satisfactorily; in place of a coat with sleeves of its own, we can have a pelerine of the material of the skirt, and wear a blouse of silk or lace beneath, so as to put off the pelerine indoors, as it is too much of an outdoor garment to keep on when the hat is doffed. Light cloths, especially tan or heliotrope, are also being made into pelerines; and in taffetas provided with an interlining of tailor's flannel ("domette") a smart little garment is produced. In a Bond Street furrier's I was shown a nice pelerine in caracul, the back and front (not quite reaching to the waist) formed by three strips or flounces of the fur edged with a narrow green passementerie, and a very full cuff of spotted net and lace appearing under the full fall of fur that covered the top of the arm. Sometimes, by the way, the pelerine is extended at the back into long ends falling nearly to the feet, a revival of a quaint old fashion. The sides are held together round the waist by ribbon ties or by a wide strap of the material. A silken ruche makes a good trimming for a pelerine of taffetas, while in cloth they may be simply stitched, or braided round, or adorned with suitable passementerie. The pelerine must always be kept light in weight and easy to slip on and off as required. A nice lining is naturally indispensable.

Quite a craze for veils floating down the back has developed itself, and many women who never wear a veil over the face are seen with this appendage falling below their shoulders. It is sometimes an integral part of the hat-trimming, and alone suffices to decorate a travelling-felt or boat-shaped straw; but even when the hat is otherwise fully trimmed and provided with a cachepeigne of bows of ribbon or flowers, the veil is tucked over the whole and floats away down the back. This style is very generally becoming. Anything that frames the face certainly assists good looks, and as the hair is kept well above the ears as regards its fulness, enter the veil to take the place that sometimes is filled by the coiffure in the nape of the neck. It is the motor that has anew persuaded women of the becomingness of the veil, as worn turned back, and the hint has been taken by many who never mount a motor. Still, there is a little affectation and there is apt to be more than a little untidiness of effect in superfluous lace or gossamer ends. FILOMENA.

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## ART NOTES.

WHEN London is emptied of its own inhabitants but filled by the stranger, such places as the National Picture Galleries are extremely crowded. Guide-books most surely lead the visitor to the Tate Gallery as well as to the National Gallery in Trafalgar Square. Hitherto the blush has mantled the cheek of the patriot who has watched critical Americans and cynical Parisians examine the more modern collection. It has been hard for him to maintain his notions of British supremacy; the more sensitive onlooker has felt very much of a Little Englander as he has followed the group of visitors, fresh from the Luxembourg perhaps, on their round of the purchases from the Chantrey Bequest Fund.

But now, without even one action on the part of the admittedly admirable new Keeper, a series of additions have done much to improve the character of the collection in the Tate Gallery. The wonderful series of Turners added a few months ago has just been augmented by five more intensely interesting canvases from the same master's brush. "The Evening Star" will

probably retain its first place in the affections of most people, but, among the newcomers, undeniably splendid is the colour of "The Arch of Constantine," now hanging at one end of the Turner Room. Out of a mystery of green rises the majestic arch, pale but grandly massive, and set against a mystery of hill and sky. At the other end of the room are two less impressive but lovely sea-scapes. If in "The Arch of Constantine" there is colour that rivals the Venetians'; in the "Ship Aground," there is a vessel and her masts and rigging painted with that vivid delicacy which Boudin, we have been assured, first brought to such subjects; while a certain passage of "The Old Chain Pier,

afforded by the interest of the latest addition to the Millbank gallery's walls—Ford Madox Brown's "Chaucer at King Edward's Castle." It would be



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A POLITICAL PRESENTATION.

The silver salver and tea and coffee service here illustrated, also a dressing-case, were presented to Sir Thomas Brooke-Hitching, L.C.C., together with a pearl and diamond bracelet for Lady Brooke-Hitching, by the Conservatives, Unionists, and members of the Primrose League in the Elland Division, as a token of their respect and esteem, and in recognition of his services as the Conservative and Unionist Candidate for the Elland Division of Yorkshire at the Election in January 1906. The plate is by Messrs. Mappin and Webb, Limited, Regent Street.

Brighton," would abash the Whistlerian who was bidden to drag in not even Velasquez, much less the British Turner. In truth, Mr MacColl has a whole regiment of genius in his charge in this room holding the works only of one master.

With Turner making such generous retribution to the conscious Keeper of many mean paintings goes the consolation

useless to contend that such an example proves anything but the unmitigated ugliness of certain of the Pre-Raphaelite tendencies. But the picture has its historical interest, for it represents a phase, not of Chaucer's life or the English Court, but of modern English painting that was not to be seen at the Tate before. The same room holds other and more important canvases, but none of quite the same character. Madox Brown achieved a much greater triumph when he painted "The Washing of the Feet," now hanging near by; and "The Annunciation" of Rossetti proves how far from the culmination of a style was the work of that other and elder painter so often described as the real parent of Pre-Raphaelism.

Mr. MacColl is doubtless looking forward to the task of hanging the Chantrey purchases of this year. Will

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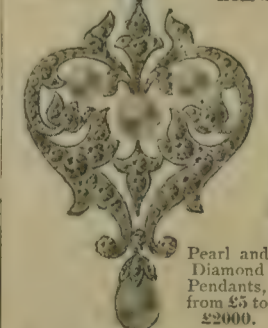
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they go, or have they already gone, to that dark room of which there is awful rumour at Millbank? Perhaps when they take their final places Mr. Brough's inconsequent "Fantaisie en Folie" will no longer keep possession of a whole wall, and a wall in such an honourable room as that in which are the exquisite works of Alfred Stevens. It will be a happy day when Mr. MacColl has collected his treasures, which include, let it not be forgotten, an admirable flower-piece by Fantin Latour, a Whistler, "The Return from the Ride"

summer Sunday? American and Cockney move in one constant stream past the bewildering collection of pictures that adorn the walls of those stately apartments. Most Cockneys and many Americans can but accept the startling attribution of great names found on the frames of the most indifferent pictures, and the throng of sightseers allows but little time for consideration and discrimination. That the really great pictures of the collection can be so ill seen is a reproach to those who are responsible. The two divine Tintoretto's, unduly blackened by varnish, and unprotected by glass from an atmosphere full of London smuts, hang high and in a poor light. "The Presentation of Queen Esther" is ill-lighted perhaps because there is no stronger light in which to hang it, but that the "Nine Muses" should be banished to a dark corner is an injustice to a most masterly picture, whose beauties were revealed at a recent Winter Exhibition at Burlington House, and for a short period in the National Gallery. Mr. Lionel Cust, Keeper of the King's Pictures and Works of Art, would do well to consider the more appropriate hanging of so great a possession.

and Gainsborough. That the vast museum contains one finished portrait by Gainsborough and but sketches by Reynolds and Hogarth would seem to make these statues somewhat misleading to the man in the street. But the misguided one will, at any rate, find himself in one of the most instructive and varied collections of *objets d'art* in Europe. That such a collection is at last to have a fitting home in place of a series of unbecoming sheds is one of the most important of London improvements now in the making.

W. M.

The new Palace Steamers, Limited, announce that their daily sea-trips by the *Royal Sovereign* and *Koh-i-Noor* to Southend, Margate, Ramsgate, Deal, and Dover will terminate for this season on Monday, Sept. 10. The husbands' boat, which has proved so popular with city men and others, will make her last trip to Margate on Saturday, Sept. 8.



THE SHERRY SHIPPERS' PRESENT TO KING ALFONSO.

This silver cup was presented to the King of Spain on board the "Giralda" on August 20 at Cowes, by the representatives of grateful Sherry Shippers, in recognition of his Majesty's efforts to reintroduce the wine. Two feet six inches high, weighing 220 oz., troy, the cup bears the following inscription, in Spanish: "Souvenir of the Visit of H.R.H. King Alfonso XIII. to Cowes, the 6th August, 1906. Presented by his grateful subjects, the Sherry Shippers of Jerez."



Photo. E. H. Smyth.

PIRACY ON A CHINESE RIVER: THE STEAMER "SAINAM," THE SCENE OF A RECENT OUTRAGE.

On July 13, while the river-steamer "Sainam" was fifty miles below Samshui, on the West River, near Canton, she was attacked by Chinese pirates. Dr. Macdonald, a missionary, was shot dead, and the captain was severely wounded. Some native passengers who resisted were killed. The "Sainam" is a stern-wheel steamer of about 600 tons. She runs regularly between Canton and Wuchow.

and "Diana of the Uplands," by Furse, and many fine works more or less obscured by their surroundings, into one or two rooms. Mr. Brock's "Gainsborough" now fills its niche in the central hall with even more than the dignity that it promised at the late Burlington House Exhibition.

While it may be said that the Tate Gallery is full during London's empty season, what word may describe Hampton Court Palace on the afternoon of a late

The new Victoria and Albert Museum is fast emerging from the becoming veil of its scaffolding. The first statues standing in niches on the façade that have been bared to the public eye, are those of Hogarth, Reynolds,

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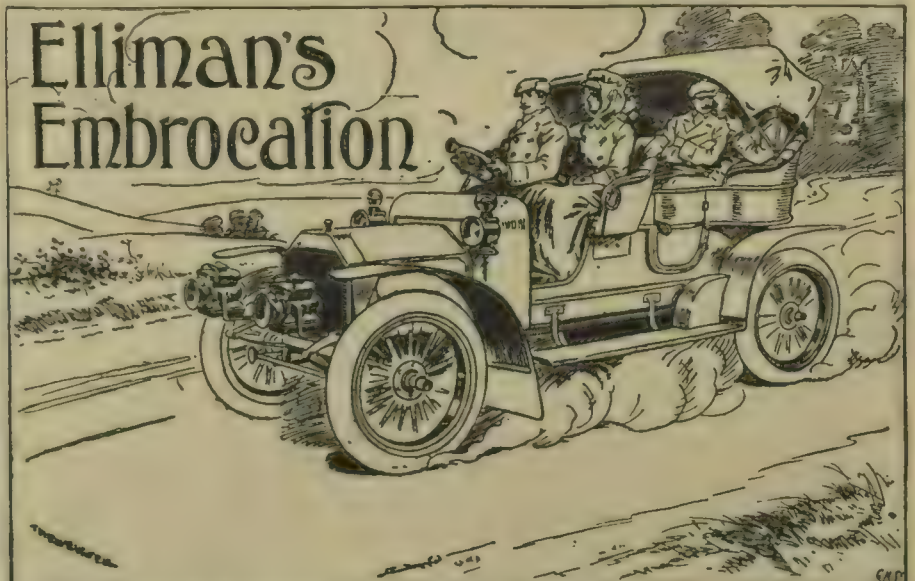
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## A REMARKABLE BOOK ON THE PRESERVATION OF HEALTH.

Dr. Andrew Wilson, F.R.S.E., the distinguished authority on Hygienic Science and Health Questions, is evidently a believer in Thomas Carlyle's doctrine that there is no utility in pointing out misfortunes unless you at the same time indicate the remedy. In his remarkable little book, "The Art of Living," just issued from the press, Dr. Wilson not only points out that "Our first duty to ourselves is to check illness at the outset," but he follows up this admonition with the more welcome information how we are to do it. He, so to speak, says: "You have the evil of ill-health to fight. Now, here's the weapon to fight with. Strike for freedom." For example, he says: "Suppose a person has run down—feels languid and is easily tired. If he neglects this warning—for all such signs and symptoms are Nature's warning to us—the possibility is that he will pass further afield into the great lone land of disease. Can he do anything to save himself from such a disastrous result? In the vast majority of cases he can restore his vigour." How? Dr. Wilson tells his reader how without delay, adding at once this remarkable statement: "Probably he will be advised to take a tonic. This in the main is good advice. Unfortunately the number of tonics is legion, but if there exists any preparation which can combine in itself the properties of a tonic and restorative, and which at the same time can contribute to the nourishment and building up of the enfeebled body, it is evident such an agent must prove of the utmost value to everybody. I have found such a tonic and restorative in the preparation known as Sanatogen." How the distinguished author found this tonic he tells us in an interesting bit of autobiography. "Recovering from an attack of Influenza," he says, "and suffering from the severe weakness incidental to that ailment, Sanatogen was brought under my notice. I gave it a fair trial, and the results were all that could have been desired. In a short time my appetite improved, the weakness was conquered, and without the use of any other medicine or preparation I was restored to health." It is easy to believe that this experience led the doctor to make a thorough investigation into this specific which had served him so well. Sanatogen, he tells us, "combines two distinct elements—one tonic and the other nutritive." Further, it is no "secret" remedy, for, as he pertinently observes; "Its composition is well known, otherwise medical men would not prescribe it." What the tonic and nutritive elements of Sanatogen are, and how they effect so much good, Dr. Wilson describes in simple, convincing terms. The whole passage is too long to quote, but one important remark of the writer may be given, namely, that one of the principal elements of Sanatogen "represents the substance which actually forms a very important, if not the most important, constituent of our brain and nervous system." How, through regenerating the nervous system, Sanatogen restores the functions of the digestive organs, and by rebuilding the whole body, compensates the wear and tear of latter-day life; how it does away with the need of stimulants, and cures the sick by the natural method of making the body strong enough to drive out disease—all this, in the delightful style of Dr. Wilson's language, makes engrossing and pleasant, as well as instructive, reading. This last contribution of Dr. Wilson to the literature of Health may certainly be calculated to carry joyful news to the ailing and weary. A limited number of complete specimen copies of the "Art of Living," by Dr. Andrew Wilson, F.R.S.E., are being distributed free of charge. To obtain one of these copies the applicant must mention the *Illustrated London News* in sending his name and address to the publishers—F. WILLIAMS & Co., 83, Upper Thames St., London, E.C.

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GOLD BOND CIGARETTES. The Cigarette with the indefinable charm.

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We belong to no King or Combine.

**GOLD  
BOND  
MIXTURE**

By Appointment



to  
H.M. The King.

## CEREBOS SALT

FOR TABLE SALT AND KITCHEN.

A pinch of Salt gives flavour, but a pinch of CEREBOS Salt gives Strength and Health as well; because it contains the bran phosphates which make the difference between White Bread and Whole Meal Bread.

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to H.R.H. The  
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Prevents the Hair from falling off.  
Restores Grey or White Hair to its ORIGINAL COLOUR.  
Being delicately perfumed, it leaves no unpleasant odour.  
IS NOT a dye.

Should be in every house where a HAIR RENEWER is needed.

ASK YOUR CHEMIST OR HAIRDRESSER FOR

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WILL NOT ENTANGLE OR BREAK THE HAIR.

ARE EFFECTIVE,  
AND REQUIRE NO SKILL  
TO USE.



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"IMPERIAL"  
CURLERS.

SAME PRICE  
12 CURLERS IN BOX.  
Post Free for 5 Stamps  
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BEWARE OF  
SPURIOUS  
IMITATIONS.

The GENUINE  
has our  
TRADE MARK  
on right-hand  
corner of  
label, thus:



Wholesale only, 2, HOVENDER & SONS, LTD.,  
BERNERS STREET, W., & CITY ROAD, E.C.

## ECCLESIASTICAL NOTES.

THE Bishop of London will return to town on Sept. 13 for the dedication of the new portion of St. Matthew's Church, Willesden. The now completed building has cost £10,000, and this sum has been raised in less than five years, mainly by the efforts of the Vicar, the Rev. G. H. Newton.

Canon Knox Little has not been in good health this summer, and has been obliged to keep almost exclusively to the duties of his own church at Hoar Cross. His ever-welcome voice has not been heard at St. Paul's or the Abbey for many months.

The great houses of England are now frequently thrown open to the Church Army. Not long ago Prebendary Carlile and his supporters were entertained at Sion House, and next week Lord and Lady Barnard are throwing open Raby Castle for a meeting under the Army's auspices. Mr. Carlile has spent his holiday in Scotland.

Arrangements are well advanced for the Barrow Church Congress, and the Art Exhibition will be, as usual, a striking feature. The Drill Hall in the "Strand" at Barrow has been secured, and as this is not large enough, an iron building is being erected on ground close by. The diocese of Carlisle is very rich in church plate, and much curious old silver will be shown at the exhibition. The opening ceremony will be performed by the Bishop of Barrow-in-Furness on Sept. 29.

The Rev. the Hon. C. Cumming Bruce, Chaplain to the Seamen's Mission at Valparaiso, has telegraphed that he is well. Only a fortnight before the earthquake

he entered on possession of a building to serve as an institute for ships' crews of all nationalities.

A hearty welcome will be given to Archdeacon Hutchings, who has been appointed to a canonry in York Minster. The new Canon, who is seventy years of age, has written about twenty books, including several translations. For many years he was editor of the *Literary Churchman*. His work "The Person and Work of the Holy Ghost" has gone through several editions.—V.

Wych Street, it would seem, dies hard. When the landowners in the Holborn-Strand improvement area were settled with, all the tenants were compensated with the single exception of Mr. Charles Augustus Giles Browne, who held a sub-lease of Nos. 53 and 54, Wych Street from Messrs. Beeching, Limited. The London County Council accepted the sub-lease, evidently overlooking the fact that it gave Mr. Browne an option to renew for twelve and three-quarter years on giving notice in July of this year. This Mr. Browne did in due course, and negotiations were carried on until the tenant commenced an action for a specific performance of contract. That brought about a deadlock. Now, if the County Council would settle with Mr. Browne otherwise than by mutual agreement, they will have to obtain fresh Parliamentary powers at a cost of £10,000, defend the action, and keep the Paris in London Syndicate waiting for an indefinite period. Meanwhile, the Council has put up a sign, "Nos. 53 and 54, Wych Street," for the sole benefit of Mr. Browne, who says that he wishes to continue to trade in a non-existent street, and as tenant in possession he must have right of access for twelve and three-quarter years.

## WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

THE will (dated Nov. 5, 1905) of the HON. REGINALD ALGERNON CAPEL, of 26, Connaught Square, who died on July 31, was proved on Aug. 20 by the Hon. Mary Eliza Capel, the widow, John Nicholas Fazakerley, and Henry Morten Turner, the value of the property amounting to £58,583. The testator gives £1500, in trust, for his wife for life, and then £1000 to his niece Rachel Julia Capel and £500 to his niece Constantia Audrey Capel; £500 to his half-sister Lady Beatrice Mary Capel; £500 to his niece Lady Maude de Vere Capel; £250 each to his nephew the Hon. Randolph de Vere Capel, his half-brother the Hon. Arthur Algernon Capel, and his cousins Blanche Evelyn Beauclerk, Velunza Beauclerk, Aubrey T. Beauclerk, and Algernon Beauclerk; £500 to his nephew Arthur Coningsby Capel; £1000 to the Great Northern Central Hospital; £500 to the Bishop of St. Albans' Fund; £300 each to the West Herts Infirmary, the Herts Convalescent Home at St. Leonards, the Hospital for Diseases of the Chest, the Clergy Orphan Corporation, and the Watford Hospital; and other legacies. The residue of his estate he leaves to his wife.

The will (dated May 1, 1899) of CAPTAIN WILLIAM HENRY BARING, of Norman Court, Hampshire, who died on June 10, was proved on Aug. 15 by Charles Thomas Orford, the value of the estate being £84,874. He gives £10,000, in trust, for his daughter Rose Frederica FitzGeorge; and he forgives her husband, Colonel George William Adolphus FitzGeorge, any sums that

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300 Rooms. 20 Public Rooms. 80 Bathrooms.  
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For over 38 years has never failed to restore Grey or Faded Hair in a few days. It preserves, arrests falling, and causes a luxuriant growth of Hair.

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Most Harmless, Effective, Permanent and Elegant.

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Circumstances alter cases, Hinde's Wavers alter faces.

real hair savers.

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Bankers: National Provincial Bank of England, Birmingham.

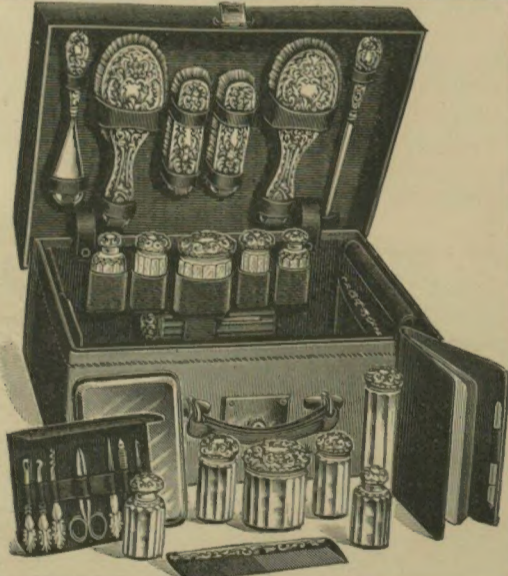
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MOROCCO LEATHER (SILK-LINED), size 14½ in. by 19½ in., containing Six Cut-Glass Bottles, Two Hair Brushes, Comb, Cloth and Hat Brushes, Button Hook and Shoe Lift, Note Book, Mirror, Tooth and Nail Brushes, Set of Polished Steel Instruments and Scissors.

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Per 1/6 bottle, of all

Italian Warehousemen, Grocers and Stores; or

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McIlhenny's **TABASCO**

The only liquid red pepper sauce.

ALL CONNOISSEURS APPRECIATE IT.

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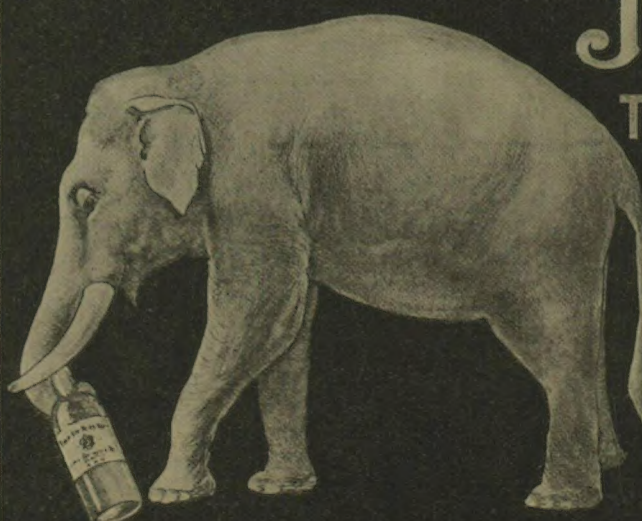
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Your hair needs care. Feed it, nourish it, soften it, preserve it, help it to grow by the regular use of

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For Your Hair.

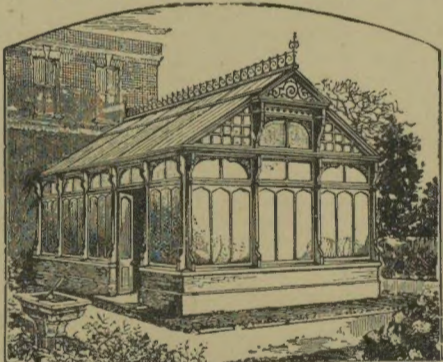
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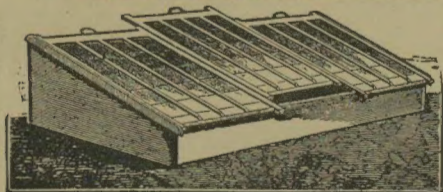
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GOLDEN COLOUR  
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Don't wait until you actually  
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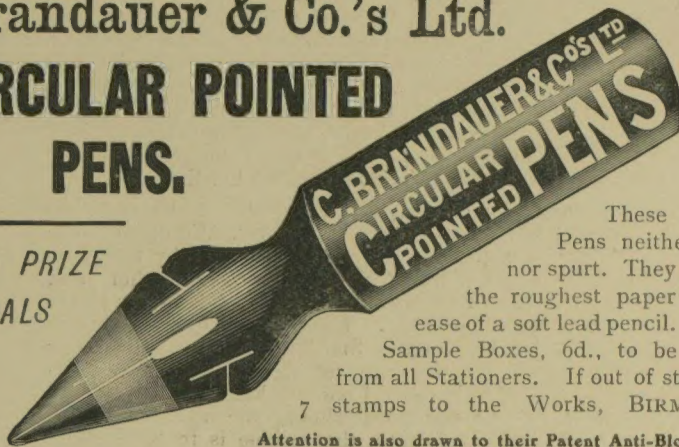
Of all Chemists, 1/1½, 2/9, and 4/6.

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The Original Preparation for Cleaning and Polishing Cutlery,  
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Consignments of Fine Gems from abroad purchased for cash or sold on commission.  
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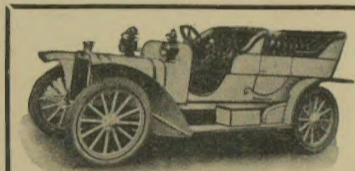
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### THREE SUNBEAM TRIUMPHS.

The Sunbeam Car, without being  
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we have of recent years had enough and to spare,  
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### REALLY DELIGHTFUL COMPETITION FOR CHILDREN,

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It is, briefly, an opportunity of winning a substantial  
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## JAVOL HAIR TONIC.

Unlike all other hair restorers—mostly  
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does so, and for baldness, scurf, dandruff,  
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speedy action and certain results. If your  
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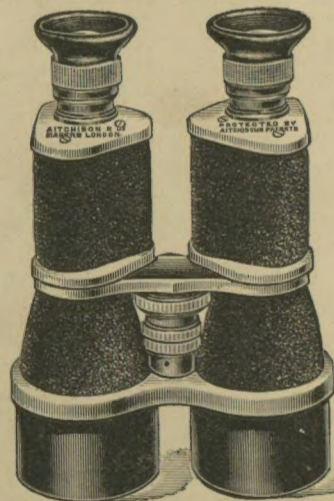
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Number indicates Magnification.

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The Body is turned from a casting all in one piece,  
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SANITARY ABSORBENT,  
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THE ORIGINAL AND BEST.

In Packets (containing 1 doz.) from 6d. to 2s.

A SAMPLE PACKET

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SOUTHALL'S SANITARY SHEETS (for Accouchement),  
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From all Drapers, Ladies' Outfitters and Chemists.

may be owing by him; £300, his leasehold premises at Grinnard Aulthea, N.B., and £30,000, in trust, for his daughter Eleanor Mary; £10,000 to his son Francis Charles; £20,000 to his son William Bingham; £200 to his granddaughter Vere Arkwright; and legacies to servants. The residue of his property he leaves to his two sons.

The will (dated Feb. 6, 1903), with two codicils, of the RIGHT HON. SAMUEL CUNLIFFE, LORD MASHAM, of Swinton Park, Yorks, who died on Feb. 2, was proved on Aug. 15 by his eldest son, the present Lord Masham, the value of the estate being £648,558. The testator gives £100,000 debenture stock of Lister and Co., Limited, and the Ackton estate and colliery to his son, the Hon. John Cunliffe Lister; £5000 and £45,000 in trust for his daughter Annie; £30,000 in trust for his daughter Ada; £5000 and £35,000 in trust for each of his daughters Edith and Evelyn; £5000 and £15,000 in trust for his granddaughter Mary Boynton; £2000 to the Bradford Children's Hospital; £5000 for such charitable or public purposes for the town of Masham as the tenant for life of Swinton Park may direct; £1000 each to the Bradford Infirmary and the Masham Almshouses; and legacies to his butler and gamekeeper. He confirms the settlement of the Swinton Park estate, and leaves the residue of his property to his eldest son.

The will (dated March 6, 1895) of MR. LANCELOT IVESON, of 105, Mount Street, Grosvenor Square, who died on July 12, was proved on August 10 by Miss Mary Jane Croome and Miss Elizabeth Croome, the nieces, the value of the estate being £96,967. The

testator gives his property at Chapelton, Yorkshire, successively to his nieces, Mary Jane Croome, Sophia Emily Croome, and Elizabeth Croome, and on the decease of the survivor of them to William Iveson Croome should he then be living; £2000 each to his said three nieces; £2000 to his niece Frances Margaret Morris; £2000 to his nephew Rev. William Mitchell Croome; £1000 to Josephine, wife of his nephew Archibald Croome; £100 each to Charles Mitchell and Lloyd Tudor White. The residue of his property he leaves to his nieces, Mary Jane, Elizabeth, and Sophia Emily Croome.

The will (dated Feb. 20, 1899) of MR. ARTHUR BOND WRANGHAM, of The Bank, Kempsey, Worcester, who died on June 12, was proved on Aug. 11 by the Rev. Leslie Knights Smith, Neville John Durlacher, and George Frederick Sparrow Brown, the value of the estate being sworn at £61,237. The testator gives £2500 to the Rev. Leslie Knights Smith; and £300, the ready money, and the furniture at his residence, and the income during widowhood from one half of his residuary property, or from one fourth should she again marry, to his wife. Subject thereto, the residue is to be held, in trust, for his children.

The will (dated Nov. 28, 1900) of MRS. RACHEL ROBINSON CROSS, of Carlton House, Belmont Road, Scarborough, who died on July 2, has been proved by the Rev. George Fenwick Brown Cross and Thomas Brown Cross, the sons, William Hastings Fowler, and Robert Cuff, the value of the estate being £107,840. The testatrix bequeaths £7000, in trust, for each of her grand-daughters—Laura Mary Proctor, Nora Mary

Watney, and Rachel Margaret Stella Cross; £300 each to Edith and Fanny Suckling; £300 each to the Wesleyan Methodist Missionary Society and the Wesleyan Methodist Worn-Out Ministers and Ministers' Wives Auxiliary Fund; £200 to the Scarborough Hospital and Dispensary; and £150 each to the Town Mission, the Female Mission, the Female and Sick Charities, the Wesleyan Methodist Town Mission, and the Wesleyan Methodist Sunday School in Queen Street, all of Scarborough; and a few minor legacies. Her residuary estate she leaves to her sons George Fenwick Brown Cross and Thomas Brown Cross.

The will (dated Aug. 1, 1866) of MR. WILLIAM THOMAS SHAW, of Hypatia Lodge, Percy Villas, Campden Hill, and Horris Bank, Newton Common, and Newbury, who died on June 17, was proved on Aug. 13 by Mrs. Elizabeth Shaw, the widow, the value of the estate amounting to £114,689. The testator leaves everything he shall die possessed of to his wife absolutely.

The will (dated Oct. 17, 1903) of MR. ARTHUR JOHN GRAHAM CROSS, of 10, Belgrave Square, who died on June 6, was proved on Aug. 11 by Mrs. Marjory Nelson Ritchie Cross, the widow, the value of the real and personal estate being £549,999. The testator gives the household furniture to his wife; and £50 each to his godchildren. One third of the residue of what he shall die possessed of he leaves to his wife, one third in trust for his children, and one third between his brothers Horace Edward Firmin Cross and Horatio Robert Odo Cross, his sisters Marie Louisa Burrell and Agnes Elizabeth Cross, and his nephew William Stuart Bowker.

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This treatment at once removes crusts, scales and dandruff, destroys hair parasites, soothes irritated, itching surfaces, stimulates the hair follicles, loosens the scalp skin, supplies the roots with energy and nourishment, and makes the hair grow upon a sweet, wholesome, healthy scalp, when all else fails



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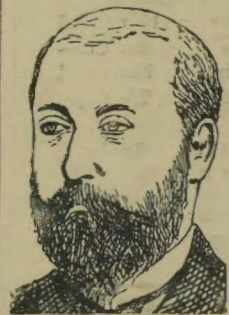
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